

The TATLER

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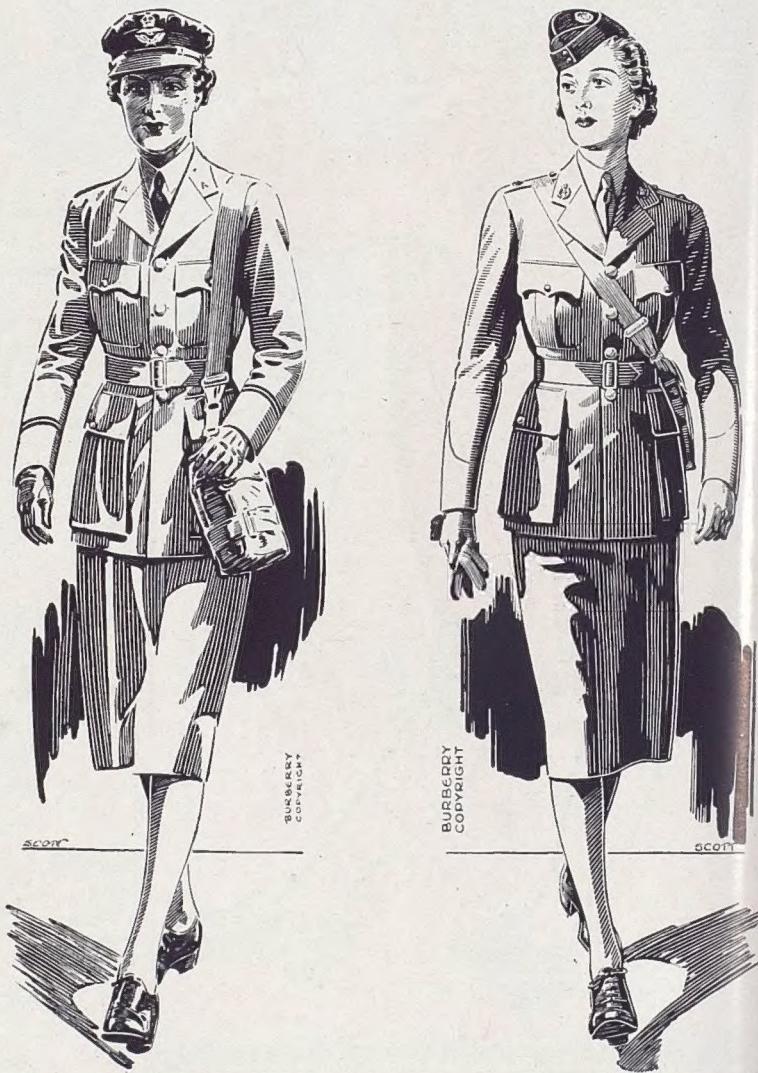
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THE TATLER

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MARCH 4, 1942

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Angus McBean

Vivien Leigh in "The Doctor's Dilemma"

In Irene Hentschel's production of Bernard Shaw's play *The Doctor's Dilemma*, which opens at the Haymarket Theatre today, Vivien Leigh is making her first appearance on the London stage since her spectacular success as Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*, which is now in its one hundred and ninth West End week, and which has already been seen by over a million and a quarter people in London alone. Dressed in the fashions of 1903, she will play the part of Mrs. Dubedat. The second performance tomorrow (March 5) is to be given in aid of the Royal Naval War Libraries. Vivien Leigh takes a special interest in all Royal Naval charities, for her husband, Laurence Olivier, is now a lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm. They returned to this country from Hollywood just over a year ago, immediately after finishing *Lady Hamilton*. Laurence Olivier had 200 hours' solo flying experience in California and was careful to bring his pilot's log book home with him so that he was able to get a war job of real importance without the usual delay.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Lethargy!

THE loss of Singapore is more disturbing in lengthening retrospect than it was in contemplation. There are two reasons which make me feel this very deeply. In contemplating the fall of this costly naval stronghold (as all wise men must have done) one found opinion steady and convinced that there was going to be an historic stand. It was one of those glittering hopes which make people hold on to the future. But let us be blunt and admit at once that there was no stand, and leave it at that. Nobody can know all the facts which led to this ghastly failure, and there can be no balanced judgment until these are known in their entirety.

My second reason for disquiet, however, is more compelling than the first. There seems to have been little or no public concern about the horrible surrender of Singapore. Isn't this disturbing? Should not there have been more questions, more anger, more heart searching, and, if necessary, the full glare of publicity on this failure. Here is a blot, and it may be a stain, on our Empire scroll. General MacArthur's men are still fighting, and so are, thank God, some of our men at the time of writing this. The Japanese admission retrieves some of our lost assurance. Yet it cannot hide the ugly fact that there is lethargy and listlessness creeping on us which must be killed at once. It is dangerous to all, but how disheartening to those who are prepared to fight.

Tension!

RECONSTRUCTION of the Government under political and newspaper pressure created, for a time, the severest tension since the war started, but as soon as the Prime Minister had bowed to popular will, Singapore was forgotten, the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* affair

became a memory, and Libya seemed nothing but a ghostly matter. And all this because Mr. Churchill had made some changes in his Government! Clearly there is something wrong. If we must keep harking back to the last war, there is not the fervidness and the spiritual determination present among us. The signals are set for danger, but few seem to heed them. We are not on tiptoe.

We have a bounden duty to be tense all the time and to be on tiptoe always, or the fate of other and equally great nations will be upon us. This is one of the secrets of Singapore, and the sooner our politicians sound the seriousness of this message the better.

Inspiration Needed!

THERE'S too much looking back to the last war. Some of our greatest leaders take comfort from that dead and past effort, forgetting that events are moving more swiftly and more determinedly to their allotted climax. Instead of taking comfort from the past, our leaders should be snatching from Hitler all the promise of a new and better world. If I were asked what we need at this time I would say unhesitatingly that our greatest lack is thought projection. There seems to be no attempt to bridge the future. There's a mouthing of shibboleths and a reiteration of exhortations, but there's no inspiration.

Until somebody rekindles the spark of our national spirit, there will not be that hundred per cent effort behind the war purpose. Until somebody realises that not only guns, tanks and aeroplanes are needed to win the war, but that lively spiritual convictions are just as essential, there can be none of that constant tension which will bring us victory. Hitler's defeat lies in the hearts and minds of men as much as on the field and in the air.

Political Policeman

LORD BEAVERBROOK's asthma may be the cause of his decision not to go to the United States to fulfil the plan outlined by the Prime Minister. Lord Beaverbrook declined to enter the new War Cabinet, but undertook to go to Washington to be Britain's Averell Harriman. Here is a necessary task to be performed in order that there can be the closest co-ordination of the supply and demand of war materials. Illness has rarely prevented Lord Beaverbrook from doing that which he wanted. Therefore it may be nearer the truth that he has decided to remain in this country for political reasons.

I'm told that Lord Beaverbrook regards himself as a policeman, a political policeman. This is most interesting. Is he going to be policeman to the Conservative Party or a political Left Wing forward on the other side? There are a lot of people who would like to know this. There is no doubt that Mr. Churchill was genuinely upset when Lord Beaverbrook declined to remain in the Government. Although they've been on constant terms of frankness mixed with friction, they've always appreciated each others' personalities. Their personal relations were of the warmest. In these circumstances it would not surprise me if Lord Beaverbrook does not exercise almost as much influence outside the Cabinet as he did inside.

New Faces

THE appointment of Sir James Grigg as Secretary of State for War is an administrative novelty equaling only the political novelty of Sir Stafford Cripps becoming Leader of the House of Commons without being a member of any political party.

Sir James Grigg and Mr. Churchill are old friends, and old antagonists. When Mr. Churchill was Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1924-1929, Sir James was his Private Secretary. Many a long and protracted, even bitter, argument was part and parcel of their partnership. "P.J." as the Private Secretary was known to all, stood up to the Chancellor many times and won Mr. Churchill's esteem and affection.

All the same I am one of many who cannot see what difference Sir James Grigg's promotion can make in the War Office. For three years Sir James has been the Permanent Civil Service



A Bishop Goes on Night Patrol

The Bishop of Truro, who as the Rt. Rev. Joseph Wellington Hunkin was Chaplain to the King for nine years from 1926 to 1935, is a very active member of his local Home Guard unit. He has been a hard working member of the force since it was started. The Bishop served throughout the last war as an army chaplain and was awarded the O.B.E., M.C. and bar for his services



The Scottish-Polish Society Meeting

Lieutenant-Colonel Harvie Watt, M.P. for Richmond, and Mr. Churchill's Private Parliamentary Secretary, was a guest at the first meeting of the Scottish-Polish Society at the Dorchester, and Group Captain Sir Louis Greig was another. He is Personal Air Secretary to Sir Archibald Sinclair

Bracken, the Minister of Information, and Mr. Eden, was responsible for the direction of radio propaganda, particularly to Germany. The actual work is done by an executive of three men who live and work together night and day. Mr. Dalton appeared to take more interest in the efforts of this mysterious body than did Mr. Bracken or Mr. Eden. This fact has caused comment from time to time, and there has been criticism of some of the members of the staff working under the direction of the executive.

The suggestion is now made that Mr. Eden should take sole responsibility for the conduct of political warfare. If Mr. Eden gathers round him a more robust and realistic group of people there is no question that the change will be one for the better. But will he do this? The chief of the executive is a Foreign Office man with all the inhibitions of his diplomatic training. Surely a man of much wider knowledge of day-to-day contacts and a greater grasp of everyday psychology, would be more suited to this vitally important weapon of war.

Conservative Change

MAJOR TOMMY DUGDALE has become Chairman of the Conservative Party, an unusual honour for a man who is still in his mid-forties. It is a wise choice. Major Dugdale saw service in the Middle East soon after the war started, and was being invalided home when Mr. Churchill was searching for him to be Chief Whip in succession to Captain Margesson. The telegrams did not reach Major Dugdale. When he arrived in London the post had been filled by Mr. James Stuart. Major Dugdale became his deputy, and shortly after that Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Party. Although there is a political truce, there is much administrative work resting on the shoulders of the Conservative chairman. But much more depends on the plans he makes for the future, the machinery he creates to maintain the Conservative Party in the forefront. By his unbounded energy, and his ever-ready smile, Major Dugdale seems to possess all the necessary qualifications. He's had a lot of experience of politics and politicians. But his greatest experience was with Lord Baldwin, whose Parliamentary Private Secretary he was at the time of the Duke of Windsor's abdication.



The Turkish People's House Opened in London

Mr. Anthony Eden spoke at the inauguration in London of the Turkish People's House. Above he is with Mr. L. S. Amery, Dr. Terfik Rustu Aras, the Turkish Ambassador, and Sir Malcolm Robertson. Dr. Aras, who opened the People's House, has since left London to return to his own country, and M. Ahmet Rauf Orbay is appointed to succeed him here

head of the War Office. He was hurried back from India, where he had been handling a complicated task as Finance Member efficiently, to put the War Office on a business-like footing. With his usual candour and characteristic energy he set about the task of making brass has toe the line. Is his promotion a reward for what he has done, or an admission that he was not able to do all that was necessary?

Ea chief Whip Retired

CAPTAIN DAVID MARGESSON's removal from the War Office and the Government came as a great surprise, and even a shock to some of his friends. He had worked hard and long in post which he had to be urged to take by the Prime Minister himself. This was shortly after Mr. Churchill took over the Premiership. Captain Margesson had been the Government Chief Whip for nine years. He was regarded by his detractors as well as his friends as the most efficient of all Chief Whips. One day Mr. Churchill sent for him and told him that he wanted him to be the Secretary of State for War. Captain Margesson modestly declined on the grounds that his administrative experience was not sufficient for such an onerous post. Three times the Prime Minister sent for his Chief Whip to hear his refusal. Finally Mr. Churchill told Captain Margesson that it was his duty to undertake the position of Secretary of State for War, and there could be no further refusal. Captain Margesson had no alternative; and now he's got no job. But I have a feeling that before long he will be back in the Government.

War Cabinet

By reducing the members of the War Cabinet from nine to seven Mr. Churchill went some way to meet his critics. Of course, the most important newcomers are Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. Both are youngish men with ideas about the future and firm personal convictions about what should be done. I do not imagine that their views coincide, but they are men of character and courage. They join another young man, Mr. Anthony Eden, in the counsels of the nation at this most critical time. I have always felt that as a young man Mr. Eden has had to fight a lonely battle among his elders in successive governments. Now he is joined by

two of his own generation. There's a trio of men from whom we can pick a future Prime Minister. Great responsibilities rest on them more than on their seniors, and Mr. Churchill can be congratulated on their inclusion in the Government.

The disappearance of Mr. Arthur Greenwood from the Government is widely regretted in political circles, for in his inobtrusive way he has worked hard and long since the war started. At the outbreak of war, deputising for Mr. Clement Attlee as Leader of the Labour Party, Mr. Greenwood rose to heights of statesmanship which will not be forgotten in the House of Commons.

Propaganda

WITH the transfer of Mr. Hugh Dalton to the Board of Trade from the Ministry of Economic Warfare, there is removed from the realm of political warfare one of the chief propagandists. Mr. Dalton, with Mr. Brendan



A Red Army Anniversary Celebration

There was a very large gathering at M. and Mme. Maisky's reception at the Soviet Embassy in honour of the twenty-fourth birthday of the Soviet Army. M. Maisky warmly greeted Mr. John Winant, the American Ambassador, on his arrival at the reception



Jacob Epstein and his wife were guests at the Soviet Embassy. The famous sculptor has an exhibition of his latest works showing at the Leicester Galleries; one of the exhibits "Jacob and the Angel," represents a year's work, and stands seven feet high (see page 303)

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

Small Town Film

ONE of the things which constantly astonishes me is the intrepidity with which playwrights and novelists insist on writing glibly about matters of which they have no understanding. Even critics. The normally accurate William Archer once fell into this trap, and his introduction to the *Master Builder* contains this Frightful Warning to Critics to Stick to their Last:

Substantially, the play is one long dialogue between Solness and Hilda; and it would be quite possible to analyse this dialogue in terms of music, noting (for example) the announcement first of this theme and then of that, the resumption and reinforcement of a theme which seemed to have been dropped, the contrapuntal interweaving of two or more motives, *a scherzo here, a fugal passage there*.

Which just shows that Archer knew nothing whatever about musical construction. I myself have some knowledge of horses. But that knowledge is confined to the Show Hackney, and nothing on earth will induce me to write a line about racing or hunting unless what I have to say is confirmed by at least one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club or the Master of the Quorn or Pytchley or both. As it is, I am asking the TATLER's chief sub. to verify my spelling hereabouts.

Mr. Wells is the latest offender. And the matter in which he offends is the game of cricket, in which the youngest schoolboy will be able to find him tripping. Young Edward Albert, the hero of his new novel, is put on to bowl for his school, and here is Mr. Wells's account of his first over:

But now to bowl. If he aimed about a yard or so to the right he might get the wicket. It often happened like that. He would do that.

To begin with he would try one of his short sneakers. It pitched short and rolled slowly towards the wicket. The giant, who seemed now ten feet high and broad in proportion, awaited its coming with some hesitation. It was not the sort of ball he was accustomed to deal with. He wasn't prepared for anything so feeble. He simply blocked the ball . . .

Our hero resolved to vary his attack. He would send in a few very simple grounders to the giant's leg. One fast and then a slow twister. Down there. Out of his reach, perhaps. The fast one first. Edward Albert put all his strength into it and alas! up went the ball in the air. Up, up, it went—a perfect Yorker. He'd slog it to—heaven! But the giant, expecting another lob, had been advancing to smite. This strange ball, high in the air, made him hesitate, and, hesitating, he was lost. He remembered what he had to do just half a second too late. He stepped across the pitch and hit hard to leg. Swish! Click! The leg bail dropped. Flop went the ball into Mr. Myame's gloves. To Goliath's astonishment, to every one's astonishment, the ball had got the leg stump.

The passage about the soaring ball which isn't a lob but a yorker is a very Pelion upon Ossa of error. After this we are not surprised that Mr. Wells should think that a boundary scores six, or that it is the bowler who concedes byes. Yet I suppose that if I had been asked to name any English author who would get his facts right about the simpler elements of English life I should unhesitatingly mention Mr. Wells.

WHAT has this to do with the films? Simply that sitting the other afternoon at the immoderately long *Small Town Deb* (Gaumont) I reflected on the book I had been reading

over lunch and compared the momentum and variety of Mr. Wells's early masterpieces with the poverty of these pictures of modern American home life which Hollywood turns out so industriously. (I except the Andy Hardy series from this stricture.) Are we really to believe that the younger members of the average American family have no interest in life except necking? Does dress absorb every young American girl to the point of not knowing that her country is at war? Jane Withers is disarmingly homely to look at, and it is no trouble for us to believe that the young man who gets her is making a better bargain than if he stuck to the elder, vapid, and hoity-toity sister who first ensnares him. But do we need an hour and a half to be persuaded of this? I think not.

THE way to get the best out of your detective film is to make up your mind early on Who Did It and stick to your fancy. In nine times out of ten I find that this works and that one is right. In *Hot Spot* (also at the Gaumont), I plumped for the burly detective as soon as I saw him. I was wrong, but not as wrong as the film company in not allowing me to be right. I didn't believe in the actual murderer when his identity was disclosed, and I thought the fastening of the crime upon somebody who hadn't an ounce of murder in him ruined the film. Whereas the detective resembled in every respect the mayor in Maupassant's *La Petite Roque*. For one moment I thought that somebody at Hollywood had got hold of this masterpiece and had noted the character of the large heavy peasant, six months a widower, forty-year-old, strong as an ox and burdened with high blood pressure and a violent temper. In other respects the film was quite good, and we shall probably see a good deal of Victor Mature, a newcomer of the Jack Buchanan type without the fun. Laird Cregar impresses largely on account of his bulk, and there is no law against liking Betty Grable.

MY objection to Technicolor is that it prevents you from seeing what you are looking at or ought to be looking at. When Hamlet comes on to deliver the "To Be or Not to Be" soliloquy all that the playgoer ever sees or ought to see is a young man, "distraction in's aspect," clad in doublet and hose of some dark-coloured stuff. The point is not looking but listening. Film this in Technicolor and your eye will instantly be drawn to the red leather seat on which presently Hamlet will park his royal person. Next you notice that the actor has been undergoing a course of ray treatment resulting in a pleasant Huntley and Palmer tan. But hush! Here comes Ophelia, and there walks in the latest creation by some twelfth-century Hartnell. And until you have decided whether the things round her neck are turquoises you don't begin to listen to what she is saying.

On the other hand I have nothing against Technicolor whenever there is not, in Hamlet's phrase, some necessary question of the play to be considered. In *Louisiana Purchase* (Plaza), a musical comedy about the graft industry, the mind is entirely vacant. This gives Technicolor its chance which it takes superbly. In this picture there is a carnival which lasts for a quarter of an hour or so, and I have great pleasure in testifying to the extraordinary beauty of these scenes in which the use of colour is alternatively magnificent and exquisite, and the design and composition are worthy of Cochran at his best. After the carnival the picture relapses into a tedious and long-winded lampoon of American politics. Bob Hope and Zorina do their stuff, but Victor Moore, taking no notice of them, puts the whole thing in a bag and walks off with it.



Betty Grable, Victor Mature and Carol Landis in "Hot Spot"

Two sisters, Jill and Vicky Lynn, are the central figures of this thriller which is based on Steve Fisher's novel "I Wake Up Screaming," and directed by Bruce Humberstone. Vicky (Carole Landis), a waitress, is discovered by Frankie Christopher (Victor Mature). He decides to make her a glamorous national figure, but Vicky is murdered and Frankie suspected of the crime. Jill (Betty Grable) is determined to find her sister's killer. In the process she herself is taken into custody and it is left to Frankie to clear up the mystery in a sensational way. Need one add that Jill's original dislike of Frankie develops into a great love in the course of the picture. (Left above) Betty Grable and Victor Mature. Right: William Gargan, Carole Landis and Victor Mature

Twin Men and Thin Men

Douglas Fairbanks Jr., has a Dual Role
William Powell has another "Thin Man" Role

"The Corsican Brothers"



Mario, disguised as a Parisian jewellery salesman, gains an audience with his enemy, the Baron Colonna, in whose castle he believes the Countess Isabelle is held captive. (Douglas Fairbanks and Akim Tamiroff)

"Shadow of The Thin Man"



The Thin Man and his son, Nick Junior. (William Powell and Dickie Hall)

"Come on, old man. It's on the House." (William Powell and Asta)



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In *The Corsican Brothers* (Gaumont), which is based on Dumas's classic, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, plays the dual role of Mario and Lucien, twin sons of the Count and Countess Franchi, joined in birth by a bond of flesh and separated, one from the other, by operation. The twin boys are robbed of their father, mother and estates by a blood enemy of the Franchi family, one Baron Colonna. They are separately adopted and grow to manhood in widely different spheres, one in Paris, the other in the mountains of Corsica. Their meeting in their twenty-first year when they learn of their tragic heritage, the clairvoyant sympathy which exists between them, their love for one woman, and the vengeance they wreak on Colonna and his robber band, which costs Lucien his life, is the story of the film



Twin brothers, Mario, the gay Parisian, and Lucien, the leader of Corsican outlaws. (Douglas Fairbanks in his dual role)



The Thin Man and His Wife (William Powell and Myrna Loy)

William Powell and Myrna Loy, directed by Major W. S. Van Dyke, II, are together again in *Shadow of the Thin Man* (Empire). Asta is with them, and Nick, Junior, who appears suitably aged since his first introduction as the latest addition to the household in *Another Thin Man*. The peaceful domestic life of the family is uprooted when Nick is asked to investigate the murder of a jockey. Two more murders follow in rapid succession. Deft direction and neat dialogue and two experienced stars who play into each other's hands with understanding and a perfect sense of timing make this splendid entertainment for a sophisticated audience

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Jam Today (St. Martin's)

HERE is a comedy of libel. It begins, improbably, before the play opens with a novelist who, in search of a name, gets it out of a telephone directory, that name being Ilona Benson. As Ilona Benson is married to Hubert Benson, and as they are living together in the same house in Campden Hill, and as she does not seem to be pursuing any career of her own, it is surprising that her name should be in the telephone directory at all.

It is still more surprising that, finding the name there, the novelist, who is a man of fame and experience, should use it. True, the exotic languor of the Ilona combined with the commonplace conventionality of the Benson supplies just what he wants for his new heroine. But since this heroine is a woman of such lax morals that the book, when published, is the sort you find secreted behind sofa cushions, what a chump the novelist to thrust his head right into the legal noose! However.

WHEN the play opens, Mr. Benson is, of course, bringing an action for damages in defence of his wife's good name. He is also departing for Yorkshire on archaeological business intent. If he is glad to get away from his wife—which he is—so is she glad to be got away from. Especially when the novelist, oncoming and personable, appears upon the scene to see whether matters can be smoothed over by a personal interview. So far as Mrs. Benson is concerned, to say that matters are smoothed over is to put it mildly.

Mrs. Benson falls for the novelist. The novelist falls for her. They dine, they wine, and what happens after that is of such a nature that Mrs. Benson's reputation is no longer worth as many rubies as her husband would like it to be.

Is it all a plot on the part of the novelist



Preserving the ancient beauty of England and the good name of his unworthy wife are Hubert Benson's favourite occupations. The first is more successful, we hope, than the second proves to be (Frank Pettingell)

to save the case? I was never quite sure. But having won his way, the novelist cools, whereupon Mrs. Benson promptly proceeds to make the most of her husband's adoring secretary.

There is not much more to tell. Mr. Benson discovers Mrs. Benson's imperfections. The case is called off. Mr. Benson confesses that there have been gallivantings not strictly



Laura Amberley, the fluffy-minded mother of Willow, Hubert's niece, has difficulty in dealing with the adolescent tantrums of her daughter (Olga Lindo and Betty Jardine)

marital in his own private life. There is a reconciliation. But at the end of it all, Mrs. Benson is persuading her husband to engage a new secretary who, however, incompetent, is very good-looking. Such is Mrs. Benson. The novelist, in picking on her name, certainly seems to have hit the nail on the head. How Mr. Shandy would have rejoiced!

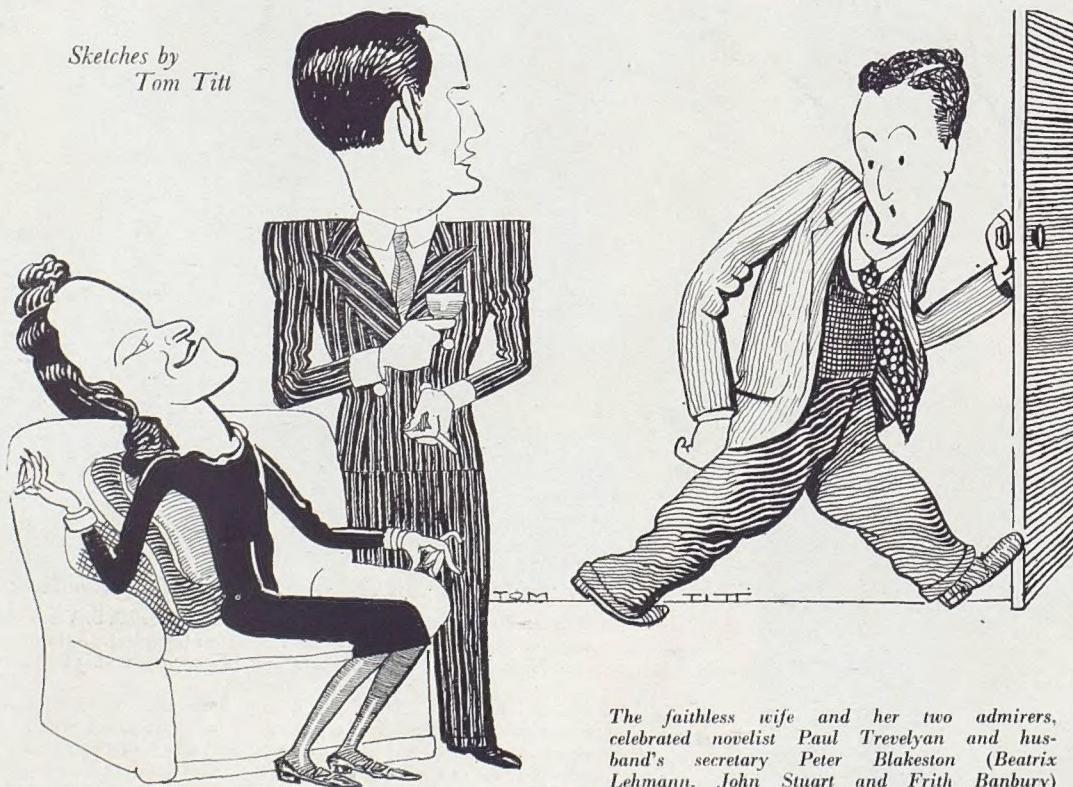
HAD this play been written in a serious, psychological vein, it might have been easier to perform. Had it been acted in an airy, comic vein, it might have been easier to like. But both Beatrix Lehmann as Ilona and John Stuart as the novelist upset the comic balance. The casting in both cases was unfortunate.

Miss Lehmann has made her name in the school of the tragic-macabre. When she attempts comedy, she does not succeed in being more than natural. The infidelities of Ilona need to be carried off with a sparkle if they are to escape the sinister. Mr. Stuart's performance seemed to me to suffer from the same naturalistic technique. I wanted to laugh but could only disapprove.

Betty Jardine and Frith Banbury as the two young people in the play, approach nearer the mark, but they also might be more grotesque with advantage. Olga Lindo as a fluffy-minded mother has no difficulty in pitching her tune in the proper artificial key. Here is an immaculate performance. And there is some extremely good acting by Frank Pettingell, as Mr. Benson, all through, and some extraordinarily good acting by Frank Pettingell, as Mr. Benson, at the finish when he is making his confession. This is by far the best thing of the evening.

Altogether, although there is some adroit dialogue of a very risky nature in the scenes devised by Denis Wallock and Roger Burford, the joint authors, the general lark, as played, is on the seamy side.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The faithless wife and her two admirers, celebrated novelist Paul Trevelyan and husband's secretary Peter Blakeston (Beatrix Lehmann, John Stuart and Frith Banbury)

First Fitting Costume Rehearsal for Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann"



Producer George Kirsta looks through some of the many designs created for the production. It was at the invitation of Sir George Franckenstein, then Austrian Minister in London, that Kirsta first came to this country

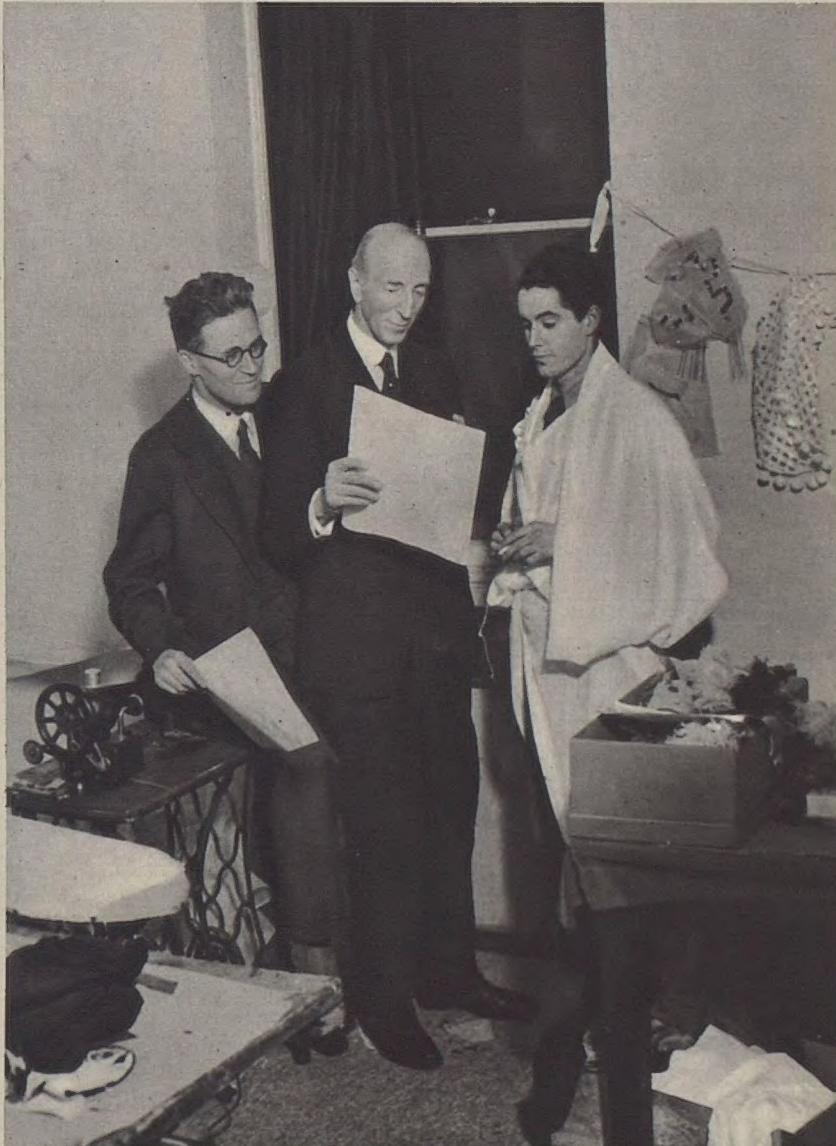
The newly-formed Albion Operas Company, under the presidency of Sir George Franckenstein, has opened its first season with Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*, at the Strand Theatre, London. Production is in the hands of George Kirsta who is also responsible for the décor of the Russian Opera and Ballet *Sorochintsi Fair*. Choreography is by Frank Staff. The Rambert-London Ballet Company adds to the attraction of Offenbach's enchanting music played by the London Opera Orchestra. The opera cast includes Esme Percy, Ruth Naylor, Percy Heming and Henry Wendon. The first performance was given as a charity matinée in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors

Walter Susskind, the Czech musical director, and James Komisarjevski, in uniform, talk over some of the problems with Sally Gilmour. Susskind was formerly assistant conductor and coach of the Prague Opera House. Komisarjevski is the son of the well-known producer, now in New York

First fittings are anxious times for everyone. Hand to his head, Esme Percy turns to Katia Krassin, who is making the costumes, for reassurance. Katia Krassin is the daughter of Leonid Krassin, first Soviet Envoy to this country

Elizabeth Schooling, character ballet dancer, finds that her costume is nearing completion. Its classic lines of beauty can be seen. Just a little alteration on the shoulder, perhaps

Photographs
by
Tunbridge-
Sedgwick



Sir George Franckenstein discusses one of the costumes with Sir James Corry, a director of the new company, and Frank Staff, the choreographer and dancer. In this production the ballet forms an integral part of the opera story. As a rule, when ballet is combined with opera, the ballet has an artistic entity of its own

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

The Queen's Interest

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has been round and about a good deal in London of late, and the charm of her smiling presence has added to the pleasure and distinction of a number of different occasions, from a show of lace gifts at the Royal School of Needlework, in aid of the Fund for Officers' Families, to demonstrations of the latest fire-fighting appliances at a big war factory.

Everyone who meets the Queen has the same comment to make, that she seems so genuine in her interest, and this is, I think, one of the principal secrets of her Majesty's popularity, because she always is so whole-heartedly and really interested to know about the work she is seeing, and the workers, be they voluntary or paid, who are doing it.

There was a specially good example of this at India House, where the Queen spent an hour inspecting the activities of the Indian Comforts Fund, which is doing what she herself described as such good and essential work in sending parcels of food and clothing to Indian prisoners of war in Germany, and generally acting as a foster-parent for them, besides looking after Indian troops and trainees in this country, and men of the Royal Indian Navy and Indian sailors in the Merchant Navy who call at our ports, in the same generous way. The Queen talked for a long time to Mrs. L. S. Amery, chairman of the Fund, and then walked round the tables where the parcels of ghi, atta, dhal and other native foods were being packed, and talked to nearly every one of the British and Indian ladies at work. It was difficult, watching, to tell if the Indians, in their lovely coloured silk saris, were more thrilled than their British sisters by the royal interest, or vice-versa, but they all packed away with renewed energy and enthusiasm after the Queen's visit.

A thing that interested the Queen, by the way, was the fact that every parcel of food contains a tin of salmon. Apparently our gallant Indian friends have a particular liking for it, and welcome a tin of this fish more than any other form of Western food.

Queen Mary's Godson

THE tiny principal character at the royal christening, Prince William of Gloucester, behaved with unblemished correctness at one of the biggest Royal Family gatherings since the war, when the Archbishop of Canterbury baptised him with the four names of William Henry Andrew Frederick. He started by yelling long and loudly, to demonstrate convincingly that there is nothing whatever the matter with his lungs, and then relapsed with a gurgle of delight into quietness, once the christening water had been sprinkled on his head.

Queen Mary, making one of her very rare journeys up from the West country, held her baby grandson as principal godmother, and the baby's robe was made of the historic lace used for the christening of his present Majesty, as well as the Duke of Gloucester, and Queen Mary's other children and her grandchildren. The last to wear the lace, Princess Alexandra of Kent, watched the ceremony wonderingly from a pew at the side of her brother, Prince Edward.

In these grim days there is little fuss over even a royal christening, and the place was not announced even after the event, but that made little difference to the success of the small family christening party held afterwards, with a white christening cake, made from wartime ingredients, cut by the smiling and very happy Duchess of Gloucester. Lieutenant-General the Duke of Gloucester had one day's special leave from his military duties for the occasion.

Lunch at the Palace

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, the new Leader of the House of Commons, started his new career in spectacular fashion by lunching with the King at Buckingham Palace on the day the political changes were announced. It was not "on appointment" as Leader—that Sir Stafford was received by his Majesty on this occasion, however, but "on relinquishing his appointment" as Ambassador to Russia, and as this was the first chance the King had had of a talk with the man who was his representative in Moscow all through the difficult days of the beginning of the war, the King wanted to have more than the usual fifteen or twenty minutes of an ordinary audience with Sir Stafford.

Thus, it was only a coincidence that the Palace luncheon took place on the day he accepted his important post in the War Cabinet. Actually, I believe the King had been waiting for some time to receive the ex-Ambassador, but twice put off the audience so as not to interfere with the short rest holiday he took in the country immediately after his return—another example of his Majesty's consideration for the convenience of others.

Of course, it is only the very privileged and the very important visitors who are asked to stay to luncheon at the Palace after being received by the King, but his Majesty has a way of putting every official visitor at his ease right at the start of the audience which has helped a good many newcomers to the Palace to overcome their stage-fright. A cup of tea and a cigarette are by no means unusual accompaniments of a royal audience in the morning, and the King and his visitor sit side by side in armchairs by the fire while they talk. The informal atmosphere created in this way has proved of great value to his Majesty in avoiding waste of time, and encouraging people to come more quickly to the point.

Concert

THE QUEEN, in a favourite turned-up-in-front mauve hat, was at one of the National Gallery lunch-hour concerts, listening to a



Ministry of Food Dispatch Rider

MISS PATIENCE BRAND, "Boo" to her friends, a debutante of 1939, and the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Brand and Lady Rosabelle Brand, has been lent by the W.V.S., of which she is a full-time member, to the Ministry of Food. She is the only woman dispatch rider on Lord Woolton's headquarters staff

programme of Mozart and Bach played on two pianos by Myra Hess and Irene Scharrer, who are life-long friends and have played together for years. Irene Scharrer's actor son, Mr. Ian Lubbock, was also listening. Her daughter acts too, under the name of Rachel Gurney.

Mr. Stephen Spender, the poet, was also in the audience. He is in the A.F.S. as well as being a poet, and his wife is a blonde Russian, Natasha Litvin, who plays the piano beautifully and is thought to have a future as a concert performer.

Americans Entertained

TWO afternoon events in London celebrated George Washington's birthday anniversary: an "At-Home" given by the English-Speaking Union to members of the U.S. Embassy and Forces, and America Day at the Dowager Lady Townshend's ever-popular Officers' Sunday Club. General Chaney, back from Ireland, where he went with Mr. Winant, was a guest at both, and at the latter he and his Chief of Staff, Brigadier Bolte, sat on either side of their hostess. Lady Carisbrooke, Lady Jersey, and Sir Allan Horne were others at the table.

The American Ambassador, to have been the guest of honour, was unfortunately unable to be there, but his countrymen were well represented on the dance floor, and Lady Townshend always manages something new in entertainments to keep her guests amused. This time it was the Tiller Girls, and Diana Ward in moonlight blue singing Cole Porter's latest number.

At other tables: Commander Vining, assistant Naval Attaché at the U.S. Embassy, sat with Mr. Charles Pickering, on week-end leave, whose mother exchanged London blitz experiences with Miss Rosie Newman. She is Sir Cecil Newman's younger sister and a clever photographer who has raised thousands of pounds for war charities by making films of the Services at work and showing them all over the country; two good-looking people sitting together, Mrs. A. H. Osborne, once Primrose Salt, and Captain Bosmelet, of the Free French Army.

Keeping Warm

COLONEL MONZER is a Czech "regular" at the Officers' Sunday Club, and Colonel Luguet an indefatigable dancer. They both took part in the final gallop to the strains of "John Peel," which always ends the proceedings and sends one out into the coldest evening in a cheerful frame of mind.

Talking of the cold, people seem to react differently to it. Met in Piccadilly in quick



Timothy Raymond Ades is Christened

The baby son of Lieutenant and Mrs. Raymond Ades was christened recently at St. Andrew's Church, Oxshott. Mrs. Ades is the younger daughter of the late Sir Arthur Worley and Lady Worley. Godparents were the Hon. Donough O'Brien, the Egyptian Ambassador, Lieut. Edmund Ades, Miss Mary Anderson (Sir John Anderson's daughter), Miss Ronney Hewett and Miss Anne Terry



Mayor of Westminster "At Home" to Allied Governments *Swaebe*

General Simovitch, the Yugoslav Premier, had a special smile for Lady Cook, whose husband, Sir Thomas, is Liaison Officer to the Allied Forces. Lady Cook is an energetic member of the Red Cross and St. John Society. From 1926 to 1941 she was Joint-Master of the North Norfolk Hunt

The Mayor and Mayoress of the City of Westminster (Councillor and Mrs. W. Stanley Edson) welcomed many distinguished guests. Among them were the Ambassadors of Allied governments, the High Commissioners for the Dominions, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Cabinet Ministers, and many representatives of the Allied Forces

succession, Mr. Pepé Villaverde, First Secretary at the Spanish Embassy, and surely one of the "oldest inhabitants" of their present staff, enveloped in a coat with a big fur collar; and Mrs. Leila Crawford, fur-coatless for once, with no hat on her most attractive grey hair, hurrying back to her full-time secretarial job at Australia House; while Captain Costa Alexandris, the Greek Naval Attaché, tells of a recent outdoor ceremony when his colleagues from northern climes suffered far more than himself from the intense cold. But he is a very busy man and has little time to bother about keeping warm.

Commissioners, busy young men from the British Council, journalists, friends of Turkey of all sorts, seemed a far cry from one's vision of an up-country Halkevi in Turkey where villagers might learn to read and write.

On the walls of the rooms upstairs and down hang photographs of Turkey old and new. Ancient cities like Sardis and Pergamum lie dreaming in the sun, while great factories, power-stations and dams beat and drum and surge with the boundless energy of a whole vigorous people.

But perhaps the most vivid contrast of all is between the fluttering harems and sultry intrigues of "L'Esclave Blanche," the French film at Studio One, and the Turkey of the grave, intelligent young women in white overalls who are shown working in crèches, art schools, laboratories, factories, domestic colleges, who fly and swim and fence and bicycle. Between the film and the photographs has occurred the rebirth of a nation.

Turkish Contrasts

THE opening of Turkey's People's House in Fitzhardinge Street made an afternoon of contrasts. The cream walls, long, pale-gold curtains, delicately moulded plaster ceiling of the London drawing-room in which were crowded diplomats and their wives, High



"Never Again" Association Meet in London

Lady Vansittart sat with Professor D. L. Savory, M.P., while her husband, who was the guest of honour, addressed the "Never Again" Association. The main object of the Association is to ensure that the terms of peace, when the time comes for them to be decided, will be such as will prevent, once for all, the future organisation of the German people for war. Lady Vansittart is herself a member of the Association

Halkevi Opening

DR. TEVFIK RUSTU ARAS must be glad to see this London Halkevi well and truly established before he leaves England. He is to be succeeded soon as Ambassador by M. Ahmet Rauf Orbay, and himself is returning to political life in Turkey.

Looking more like a wise and gently humorous scholar than a diplomat or politician, Dr. Aras opened the People's House with a speech whose careful English did not disguise his obvious pride and pleasure in the occasion.

(Continued on page 314)

CORRECTION

Our "Letter from America" in the issue of November 19th, 1941, contained a snapshot of Mrs. Julius White, of Mill Neck, L.I. The caption stated that she and her husband had rented Dinnet, the Aberdeenshire home of Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, for several pre-war years and also in advance for the first post-war season. Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, who is in Australia, has informed us that these statements concerning the renting of his property are untrue. We are therefore glad to publish this correction, with many apologies for the error of our American correspondent.



George Washington Anniversary Party

Another "At-Home" was at the English-Speaking Union where members of the U.S. Embassy and Forces were entertained. Among the guests was General J. E. Chaney who commands the American Army in Great Britain and whose picture at another American party will be found on page 298. Another guest was Colonel J. Thwaites, a former Military Attaché in the U.S.A., who is seen above with his daughter Barbara and the Marchioness of Willingdon



Inaugural Meeting of the Scottish-Polish Society

The Poles have certainly found their way into the warm heart of Scotland. Many prominent people, among them Lieut.-Colonel G. S. Harvie Watt, M.P., the Prime Minister's Parliamentary Private Secretary, attended the first meeting of the Scottish-Polish Society which was opened by Colonel H. B. Mitchell, M.P. Two of the guests, Henryk Mierowski, the well-known pianist, and Lady Carmichael-Anstruther are seen above



Lady Carisbrooke and General J. E. Chaney, C-in-C., U.S. Forces in Britain, sat with their hostess, the Dowager Lady Townshend, who founded the Officers' Sunday Club during the last war. Its success in this one is owing to her inspiration and enthusiasm



Brig.-Gen. Charles L. Bolte was talking to the Countess of Jersey, formerly Virginia Cherrill, the actress, who brought along a large party of Polish officers. General Bolte is Chief of Staff of the American Forces over here



In a cheerful group at a round table were Lieut. H. W. Moore, from New York, Miss Myra O'Connor, Lieut. G. E. Strauser, another New Yorker, Miss Vi Spencer, Lieut. C. P. Burns, of Kansas, Miss Pamela Finch and Miss Valentine-Hogart

Sir Allan Horne, glass in hand, entertained Lieut. D. D. Mooney, who comes from Nashville, Tennessee, and Miss Jean Langford Reed



Mrs. M. Berry, Captain P. L. Vigers, Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, Captain T. B. Farrelly and Miss H. Crossley were resting between dances and enjoying the cabaret, an excellent performance by the Tiller Girls, and songs by Diana Ward

Lieut. B. Peter, of Algonquin, Illinois, danced with Miss Barbara Mullins on the crowded floor

Also dancing were Lieut. Whitfield Potter, of Newark, New Jersey, and Miss Vivienne de Lisle-Jones





First Portrait of Prince William at the Age of Five Weeks

Eric Ager



The Duchess of Gloucester and Her Son

Eric Ager

A Royal Ceremony

The Christening of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's Son

Nearly all the members of the Royal Family were present at the christening of Prince William, the two months old son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who was baptised by Dr. Lang, the Archbishop of Canterbury, at a private chapel in the country. Godparents were the King, Queen Mary, Princess Helena Victoria, Lord William Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lady Margaret Hawkins and General Viscount Gort, V.C. The latter, who is Governor of Gibraltar, was unable to be present. The baby received the names of William Henry Andrew Frederick. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret came with the King and Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent brought their two children. After the ceremony there was a tea party, with a wartime christening cake

Queen Mary Was Godmother to Her Grandson



"The Times"

The King, who was godfather to his nephew; the Queen, and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret were photographed after the ceremony, with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and their son, Queen Mary, and the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A DIETICIAN crying recently for more oatmeal for the British populace in place of bread knew better, we were glad to see, than to inspire any hope in the Island Race that oatmeal would make it the equal of the Scottish nation.

Oatmeal, which makes the Scots hardier and nobler, taller and brainier and stronger and purer and more beautiful and hairier and more efficient, with thicker eyebrows and larger hats, than any other race on earth, as they admit themselves, has no moral effect on the Island Race whatsoever. Dr. Johnson well knew this but dared not confess it. The aborigines of his native Staffordshire, who have lived on oatcakes for centuries, are dull-eyed, bandy, peering, vague, comatose, and feebly boastful, and brush the ground with their hands. Arnold Bennett's effort to represent them as bustling hard-headed fellows was an attempt to stampede the Scots into admitting human equality which properly failed. The Staffordshire custom of eating their oatcakes soft instead of hard, à l'écosaise, is sufficient to damn those sissies anyway. You ask to see the fine manuscript Gospels of St. Chad in Lichfield Cathedral, and they fob you off with a facsimile. This is typical, and shows that an oatmeal diet has no toughening or uplifting effect south of Berwick.

Footnote

A N old playgoer tells us the first and last attempt to impose oatmeal on the Race by force was made at the opening night of *The Garden of Allah*, when the high-power fans blowing the "sand" in the big sandstorm scene did their work so thoroughly that the first few rows of

stalls were smothered in this improving Scottish food.

It did them no good, one need scarcely add. Outwardly stiff, calm, cold, and proud, inwardly as weak and sinful and pitiable as ever behind those glossy shirt-fronts and diamond chest-protectors, they dispersed into the night at curtain-fall, waking up James ("Boss") Agate on their way.

Tribute

I N the process of aryanising the works of the German masters the Nazis are turning the libretto of *Judas Maccabæus* into a piece called *Mongolensturm* (Mongol Fury), *The Times* reports. Butcher Cumberland has rarely received a prettier compliment.

Handel composed *Judas Maccabæus*, you remember, specially to celebrate the victory of Culloden by this cruel, fat, red Hanoverian lout and true precursor of Nazidom, whom some vile sneaking Whig or other was recently trying to whitewash—may the Maulebec truss all such. To connect Cumberland's exploits in any way with those of that great patriot-soldier the Maccabæus seems so fantastic that our conclusion is that Papa Handel was plastered at the time; the only theory which fits a great many curious feats of the children of the Muses, incidentally.

Flattery of the Court is the less charitable explanation. We prefer to think of jolly old Handel, with his periwig over one eye, dashing down the notes and laughing himself sick. No doubt when the hang-over arrived he was a trifle conscience-smitten at glorifying the Butcher, but his publisher probably said cheerily at luncheon,



"We have in the studio an expert on guerilla warfare in New Guinea"

"Let it ride, boy, it's a smash-hit, let it ride," and ordered another bottle of the best, which, as Handel thought luncheon was on his publisher—a very common illusion in the Arts—cheered him up again.

Crack

O BVIOUSLY the type of dumbo who would deliberately drag the Frankenstein cliché into a speech is the type of dumbo who can't ever get it right. Twice in three weeks some dumbo in the Commons has described Whitehall bureaucracy as "a veritable Frankenstein."

Seeing that nobody for generations has read, or wants to read, the Regency shocker by Mrs. Shelley in which a chap named Frankenstein creates a monster, is destroyed by it, and is fated to be mixed up with his murderous robot in the dull minds of politicians and other *hommes de salive* till the end of Time, it is queer how the Frankenstein crack survives. Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis and other best-sellers of the period equally made a packet out of ghosts, ghouls, vampires, werewolves, and supernatural thick-ear stuff generally. Only Mrs. Shelley's monster is remembered (and wrongly).

Which reminds us that when authorities in the booksy racket say the horror-novel ceased to attract long ago, they always forget *The Forsyte Saga*, that perfect Brocken-dance of cold-blooded ghouls which Goya should have illustrated. Could you imagine a richer feast of macabre shudders, except maybe a County cricketer's honeymoon?

Revolt

RISING against the Brains Trust, the B.B.C.'s only good comic entertainment so far, citizens are suddenly asking the *Daily Telegraph* bitterly why Pundit Joad and his Tinpot Troubadours are paid 20 guineas a time, and why they can't be employed on something useful, such as work.

This attitude frankly puzzles us, and the angry complaint of one citizen that the Pundit's directions for mounting a horse were "ludicrous" (yet less naïve and

(Concluded on page 302)



"It's very discouraging—every time I'm half-way through a book another one comes out"



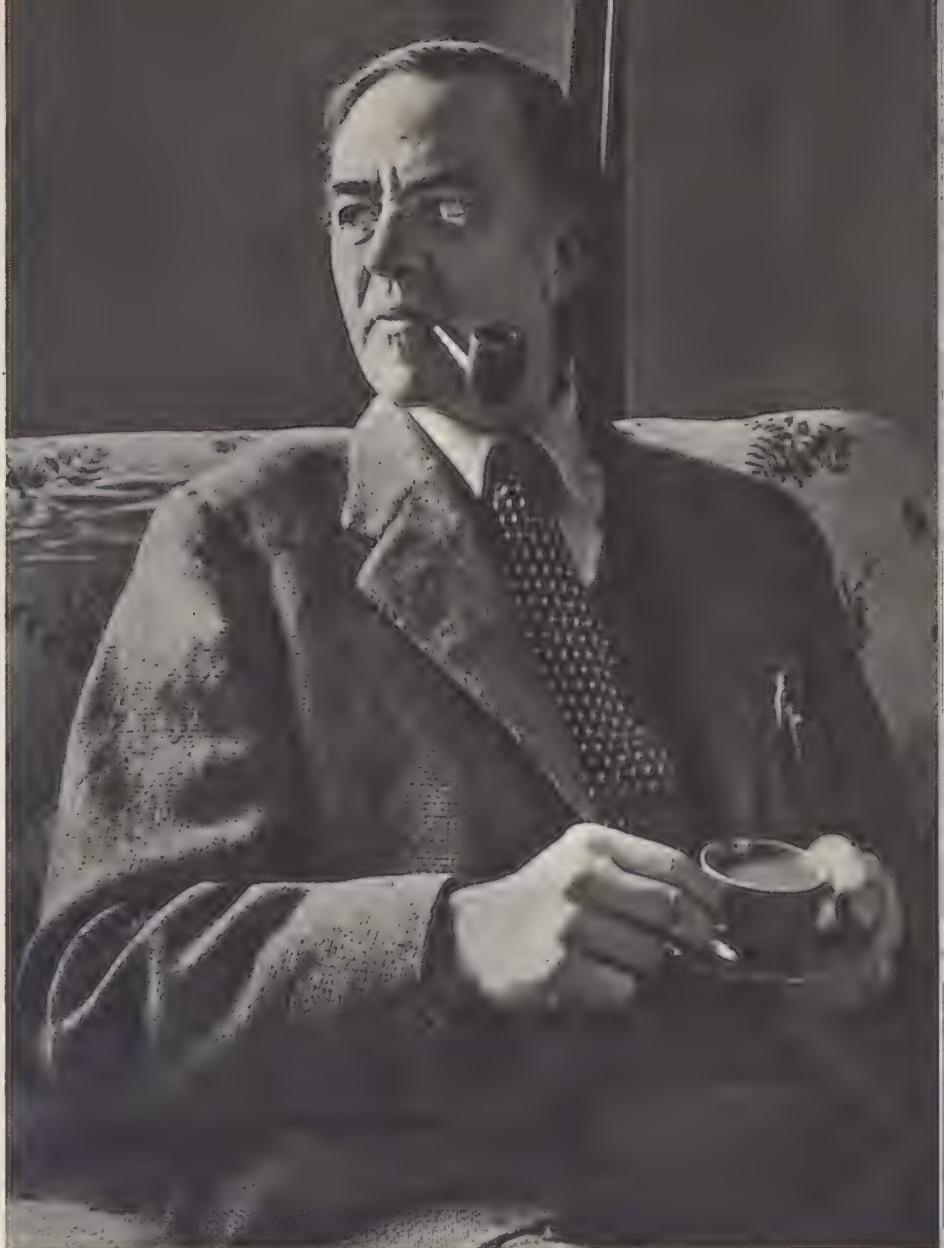
After lunch Sir Stafford takes a brief rest from his strenuous responsibilities. He is seen with his daughter, Diana, and three of the family pets: Dzong, a sacred Tibetan dog, known as a Lhasa Apso, and the two Schnauzers, Usseuf and Liede

Holiday At Home

Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps and Their Eldest Daughter

The appointment of Sir Stafford Cripps, K.C., youngest son of the first Lord Parmoor, as Lord Privy Seal in succession to Mr. Attlee and as Leader of the House of Commons, in which capacity he will relieve the Prime Minister of many of his previous responsibilities, has been welcomed not only in this country but also throughout Soviet Russia. Shortly after his return from Moscow last month Sir Stafford broadcast on the fortunes of war as experienced in Britain and in Russia. His postscript was brilliantly delivered and brought home to all who listened the inestimable value of Anglo-Soviet friendship. Since then, he has spent a brief holiday with Lady Cripps and his eldest daughter, Diana, at Frith Hall, his home in the Gloucestershire hills, where these pictures were taken

Lady Cripps Prepares a Meal in the Kitchen at Frith Hall



Sir Stafford Cripps, New Leader of the House of Commons

Diana Peels the Vegetables for Her Vegetarian Family



Standing By ...

(Continued)

enjoyable than a recent bit of lowdown from the Pundit about the Middle Ages, which gave us a belly-pain with laughing), seems to show that many citizens have the wrong idea. It's a knockabout show, that high-pitched incidental giggling included, and our spies tell us the only reason those boys don't still black their faces like a Victorian minstrel-troupe is that the Government of Liberia asked them not to, on behalf of the African race.

However, the Massa Bones-Massa Sambo technique remains and is pretty good. Some of the crosstalk might be improved, certainly; however cockeyed it is, it would get over the air better if the performers hit each other occasionally with bladders. The giggles are just fine and remind one of bathnight in the Ottoman Empire.

Hat

QUIETLY to endure obloquy and imprecations as the inventor of the Army's loathed Brodrick cap, and then to reveal after 30 years that Edward VII. himself designed it, must have afforded the late Lord Midleton a certain pleasure, as of the card-player who at length produces the skilfully-hoarded ace. (What King Edward said about his critics would have been worth hearing, also.)

Whatever else the Army may lack, it is never without somebody to suggest a sweet new hat for it (at this moment the beret is said to be about to replace the forage-cap). Why the top-hat worn by General Picton at Waterloo—he had a scalp-wound—never caught the military milliners' wayward fancy is possibly traceable to Wellington, who also forbade the Guards to carry umbrellas on parade. Bowlers are probably barred because they make chaps look such cads. The object of military headwear ever since Hector is to dazzle women and dismay



Old Bill : By Bruce Bairnsfather



"What's all this fuss aboht the Land of the Rising Sun?
That the only pub you got there?"

"Just a trim up round the perimeter, Sir?"

the foe. King Edward must have designed the Brodrick in sombre mood, rare in that mellow monarch.

Meditation

How the Edwardians could ever be sombre, in an opulent Age of Gold when the Brodrick cap was the Army's principal worry and Elgar was writing passages requiring forty harps, passes belief. Even if it is true, as some say, that women annoyed them, the Edwardians had great massive toilet-implements in ebony and silver, or gold, of a kind you never see nowadays. One good whack, one would have thought. . . .

Herring

FOUR London murders in five days, coming just at this time, would almost make one suspect, if one did not know the impeccable purity of our public life, that the Government had arranged them in order to switch public attention from more awkward topics.

The late Third French Republic was often accused by critics, Right and Left, of this trick, maybe reasonably. Whenever a big public scandal arose involving politicians (Panama, Hanaud, Stavisky, et al.) there was generally a sensational murder mystery to occupy the Press within a few days. Whether the Baldwin Government once had a cricketer murdered for similar purposes, driving the populace crazy with grief and despair and enabling the Downing Street boys, long before the Abbey funeral, to slip from under, we doubt. Some lewd scribbler affirmed this recently, but we can't trace it in *The Times* files. Besides, if a cricketer had been murdered Convocation would still be using black-edged paper.

What the Third Republic had to be careful of was not to confuse the police, who always like to know beforehand if they're probing a murder or arranging one. There must have been frantic moments in the Rue des Saussaies when some eager, innocent sleuth got home with his prey.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Magnificent or Monstrous?

Exhibitions at the Leicester Galleries and at the British Institute of Adult Education, Tavistock Square



New Bronzes by Jacob Epstein

"His Excellency Ivan Maisky"

"A Resurrection"



"Emperor in Exile"



"Jacob Wrestling with the Angel." The Biblical narrative of Jacob's night-long struggle with the Angel is the inspiration for Jacob Epstein's much-discussed carving in alabaster

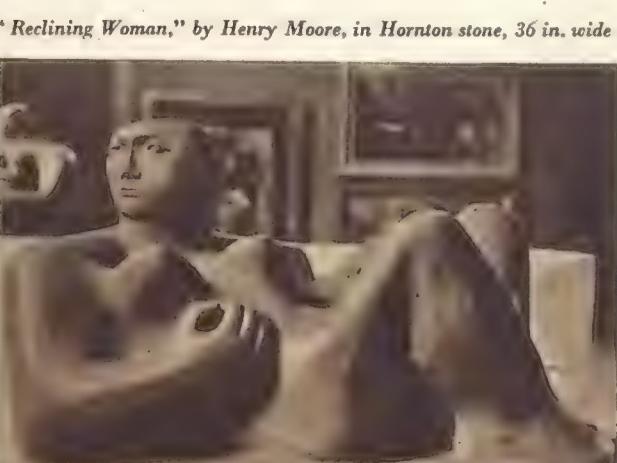


Another Moore conception of "Mother and Child," in green Hornton stone, 37 in. high



"Reclining Figure," by Henry Moore, in Ancaster stone, 20 in. wide

HENRY MOORE'S exhibition at the British Institute of Adult Education is one of the "Art for the People" series. Henry Moore was last year elected a Trustee of the Tate Gallery. He is a Yorkshireman, aged forty-three, and served in the Army during the last war. Many exhibitions of his work have been held not only in this country, but also in Venice, Berlin, Stockholm, Zurich, Amsterdam, Paris, Hollywood and New York





The Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell With Simon and Sheelin *Lenare*

The wife of the Hon. Somerset Maxwell, who was photographed with her two younger children, Simon and Sheelin, has an elder son, Barry, aged ten. The Hon. Somerset Arthur Maxwell, Lord Farnham's only son, was elected Conservative M.P. for King's Lynn in 1935, and has been serving in the Middle East for the last two years, where he is in command of his regiment. In his absence his wife looks after things in his constituency. She is president of the King's Lynn St. John Ambulance division, works for the Guildford W.V.S. and A.R.P., and in a Y.M.C.A. canteen. Mrs. Maxwell is the only daughter of the late Captain Marshall Owen Roberts

Sons and Daughters



Mrs. Esmond Baring With Caroline and Patricia *Lenare*

Mrs. Esmond Baring was Miss Zalia Snagge, youngest daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge, and is a twin sister of Lady Doughty-Tichborne. Her brother, Mr. John Snagge, is Presentation Director at the B.B.C. In 1936 she married Mr. Esmond Charles Baring, youngest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Guy Baring, and grandson of the fourth Baron Ashburton. The Barings have two daughters, Caroline born in 1937, and four-year-old Patricia



The Hon. Mrs. Paul Greenway and Ambrose *Bassano*

The wife of the Hon. Charles Paul Greenway was Miss Cordelia Stephen, daughter of Major and Mrs. Humphrey Campbell Stephen, at whose home, Pleasaunce Court, East Grinstead, this picture was taken. Her husband, who is the elder son of the second Baron Greenway, is a Lieutenant in the Buffs. They were married in 1939 and have a son, Ambrose, born last May



Mrs. Aubrey Burke and Two of Her Daughters *Lenare*

Mrs. Aubrey Burke has three little daughters, Meriel and Mirlene, in the picture, and Merlene. Their father, Mr. Aubrey Burke, O.B.E., is at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, and their mother owns and runs her own aircraft engineering factory. Mrs. Burke is the only daughter of the late Sir Henry Norman and of the Hon. Lady Norman, C.B.E., and a half-sister of the present Baronet. She is a granddaughter of the late Lord Aberconway



Mrs. Kennard was Maunsell, and was Kennard, Bt., and a prisoner in Germany. One daughter, Zan, is a Diplomatic Service



The Hon. Mrs. William Buchan and Perdita

Before her marriage in 1937 the Hon. Mrs. Buchan was Miss Nesta Crozier, and is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel C. D. Crozier, and she and Perdita were staying with her father in Berkshire. Mrs. Buchan works in her husband's publishing firm while he is serving abroad as a Pilot Officer in the R.A.F.V.R. The Hon. William de l'Aigle Buchan is the second son of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, who died in 1940 while Governor-General of Canada

Mrs. Paul Grey is the only daughter of the late Captain R. S. Weld-Blundell, of Ince Blundell, Lancashire, and of Mrs. Alfred Noyes, and her husband is the son of Colonel Arthur Grey, C.I.E. Mr. Paul Francis Grey, who was at the British Embassy in Rome until the outbreak of war, is now private secretary to Mr. Richard Law, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. He and his wife have two sons, Nicholas and Richard, both of whom were born in Rome, and their home is Clare House, Virginia Water



Mrs. Paul Grey With Nicholas and Richard



Mrs. George Kennard and Her Daughter, Zandra

formerly Miss Cecilia Maunsell, only daughter of Major and Mrs. C. J. C. Kennard, married two years ago to Captain George A. F. Kennard, younger son of Sir Coleridge and Dorothy, Lady Kennard. Captain Kennard, 4th Queen's Own Hussars, was taken before the war he was A.D.C. to General Wavell. The Kennards have Zandra. Captain Kennard's father, Sir Coleridge Kennard, who was formerly in the is still in the South of France, where he has a house near Cannes



The Hon. Mrs. Lyle With Her Children

The Hon. Mrs. Lyle is the wife of Mr. Ian Archibald de Houghton Lyle, elder son of Sir Archibald Lyle, of Glendelvine Murthly, Perthshire. Mr. Lyle, who is a Lieutenant in the Black Watch, married in 1938 the third daughter of the late Lord Churston, and they have two children, Lorna, born in 1939, and a son, Gavin, born last October. The Lyles live at the White House, Acton Bridge, Cheshire.

Parliamentary Home Guard

Members on Parade



Sloping Arms in Palace Yard is Sergeant Lord Strabolgi



Members of both the House of Lords and the House of Commons have formed their own Home Guard unit. Their commander is Major Robert Grimston, M.P., Treasurer of the Royal Household. Picture shows Sergeant Lord Strabolgi parading the men of Section 3 on the Terrace of the Houses of Parliament

Reading the Night Duty List are Lieut. W. G. Hall, M.P. for Colne Valley; Lieut.-Colonel J. Mayhew, M.P. for East Ham; Sir Hugh O'Neill, M.P. for Antrim; Volunteer M. P. Price, M.P. for Forest of Dean; and Volunteer I. C. Hannah, M.P. for Birston

Officers of the Headquarters Staff. Front row (l. to r.): Lieut. W. G. Hall; Capt. E. A. Fellowes, M.C., second in command; Major R. V. Grimston, M.P. for Westbury; Sec.-Lieut. Guy Eden (Lobby) and Sec.-Lieut. Victor Goodman, M.C. Back row (l. to r.): Company Sergeant-Major E. T. Cutler, M.C., and Company-Quarter-master-Sergeant W. Mearing



A quiet smoke before going on duty is enjoyed by Volunteer A. S. L. Young, M.P. for Partick, and Major Sir Cyril Entwistle, K.C., M.P. for Bolton





Lady Ashley with Her Son and Daughter,
Azor, Teddy, and the Supercilious Peke



Mainsail Haul, Wimborne St. Giles,
the Home of Lord and Lady Ashley

Lady Ashley and Her Children

The Hon. Anthony and the
Hon. Frances Ashley-Cooper

*The Pony Poses Patiently So That His
Young Mistress May Be Photographed.*



Photographs by Swaebe
Lady Ashley and Tony, Who Will Be Four in May

Lady Ashley, the former Mlle. Françoise Soulier, of Rouen, married the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir at Neuilly-sur-Seine in 1937. They have two children; Anthony, born in May 1938, and Frances, born in 1940. While Lord Ashley is away on war service with the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, Lady Ashley is doing a great deal of useful work locally. She drives a mobile canteen, serving the customers herself

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"The Bird-Catchers"

ON or off their horses, you can't stop them! They collared an Eagle at Waterloo (hence their nickname and their collar-badge), and they have just wiped the eye of Rommel at Msus. It is the unquenchable cavalry spirit of the deathless Union Brigade, and this recent little dash, although it will not win the Desert War, is quite in the old tradition of the Royals, the oldest Cavalry Regiment of the Line in the British Army. I'll wager that the wreaths of former "Bird-Catchers," however much they may disapprove of horse soldiers on wheels, were mightily pleased about Msus. Even the grand old warriors of 1664 in Tangier, who knocked the Moorish Horse out and took their standard, and the men of Dettingen, who did the same thing to those gay fellows the Black Musketeers, likewise the men of the 6th Cavalry Brigade in the last show (Royals, 10th Hussars, 3rd Dragoon Guards), who put up such a fine performance, especially in November 1917, when the cavalry—this 6th Brigade and the 7th (17th Lancers, Inniskillings, 7th Dragoon Guards)—with the Royal Canadian Dragoons and the Fort Garry Horse, got a bit of their own back, the last-named and the Inniskillings got an old-fashioned chance and took it. They went in with the cold steel against enemy guns, and got away with it.

Cheltenham's Gold Cup: March 21st

THE present popular choice is Paladin, because over two miles of this course on December 27th he beat last year's winner, Poet Prince, pointless to all practical intents and purposes, at level weights, 11 st. 7 lb., just 7 lb. less than all of them have to carry in the Gold Cup (three miles). We are told that if neither Paladin nor Poet Prince appeals to us, Roman Hackle, who won two years ago, is the next best choice, because he is Miss Dorothy Paget's choice from the goodly array of jumping talent which

she owns. But aren't we all forgetting a horse named Savon? The substance after which, he is named is strictly rationed at the moment, but I think that it is quite likely that he will make a clean sweep of the whole fleet of them. I think that we ought to remind ourselves not only that he ran a good second in last year's Gold Cup and was upsides with Poet Prince in a great set-to over the last three or four fences, but that over three miles of the Cup distance at Cheltenham, he won in first-class style on December 6th with 12 st. 7 lb. on his back, beating that good and consistent steed Teme Willow at level weights by three lengths; Kilstar, who was getting 11 lb., another five lengths away, third. There was a cracking good field, and it seems to me that this form should be good enough to stand upon. Savon is a natural jumper—one of the kind that make any fence look easy—and there is no doubt whatever about his being able to stay.

A Fairy Challenge

As I rather anticipated when I wrote a recent note mentioning Leprechaune and Broachalleins, and suggesting a polite (I hope) disbelief in such persons, it was courting a bit of trouble, because, as I knew full well at the time of my transgression, there are so many people who claim to know these Little Men quite intimately. All that I dared to suggest was that I had not personally met them. One very charming correspondent says that it is only people who are solid bone from the collar-stud upward (meaning me, of course, for she is a relation!) who could doubt their existence, and she asks further, whether the existence of Poltergeists has ever been questioned. I gather that these gentlemen are in the same line of business as the Leprechaune and the Broachalleins—that is to say, mischief. My lovely challenger also wants to know whether the existence of houses which, even if they are not actually spooky,



A Naval Appointment

Vice-Admiral Ralph Leatham, K.C.B., was appointed in January as the new Flag Officer in Charge, Malta, where he succeeds Admiral Sir Wilbraham Ford. Admiral Leatham was previously Rear-Admiral First Battle Squadron, and since 1939 until his present appointment was C.-in-C., East Indies Station

are, at any rate, very funny, can be questioned? I am sure that many of us can go all the way with this fairy where such houses are concerned.

Vanishing Tricks

WE all know the house in which, if you put anything down, it just vanishes and then reappears and sits up and positively barks at you as though to say: "You silly ass, I was here all the time!" Some houses have good and valid excuses for acting in this way. Some of them have had indiscreet ladies bricked up in their Blue Rooms, or had great-great-aunts Arabella done in during the Parliamentary



Rugger Celebrities In and Out of Uniform

Above are two Rugby football players, members of Guy's Hospital fifteen, Surgeon-Lieut. J. C. Bulstrode, who is now a doctor in the Navy, and A. G. Albers, who is still working at the hospital



The Rev. Peter Brook, who is engaged to Miss Janet Wheeler, of Sherborne, is an English Rugger International and ex-Cambridge Blue. With him is Lieut. Wilfred Wooler, R.A., ex-Cambridge Double Blue and Welsh Rugger International



Oxford and Cambridge Hockey Captains D. R. Stuart

John Butterfield, who is at Exeter College, Oxford, captained the Dark Blues in their hockey match against Cambridge. He is also a Rugger Blue and plays cricket for the Authentics. He is studying to become a doctor



Charles Johnson, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, is captain of the Cambridge hockey side who played Oxford this week. Johnson, who was recently ordained, captained Cambridge in the Athletics, and is a hurdler, sprinter and long-jumper

**Commanding the Tenth Army**

Lieut. General Edward Pellew Quinan, G.O.C. Iraq and Iran, now commands the Tenth Army, which, with the Eighth Army in the Western Desert and the Ninth Army in Syria, is under the command of General Sir Claud Auchinleck, C-in-C., Middle East. General Quinan is fifty-six and entered the Indian Army in 1905.

Wars on account of their having had *affaires* with good-looking cornets of Cromwell's Oxford Blues, nowadays called The Blues, for short. But there are some that have no such excuses and are just pesky. There is the house that will never let anyone be in time for anything—a place to avoid like the plague on, say, a hunting morning, for it will keep holding you back just at the very moment when it is most necessary that you should go forward; dressing-time, for instance. It will purloin one of your boot hooks, and when it has given it back to you, one of the "jockeys" will have disappeared into thin air; it will conceal the big gold safety-pin used in tie: it will remove flask and sandwich case, which,

**Officers of a Canadian Armoured Unit**

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Captains S. R. Jones, G. H. Williams, A. G. Greene, L. E. Ogilvie (Adjutant), Major W. O. Wetmore, the Commanding Officer, Major C. E. Steeves, E.D., Captains R. Whittington, W. K. Macdonald, J. F. Bingham, Lieut. R. L. Pell

Middle row: Lieuts. R. H. D. Gentles, G. Platt, T. W. Acheson, J. B. Spencer, A. A. Hassett, L. M. Orge, P. H. G. Brock, R. V. L. Walker, K. L. Douglas, F. R. Greaves, C. H. A. Mair, F. Royal

Back row: Lieuts. G. W. Creamer, V. C. Anderson, H. A. Payne, P. Hoglin, R. J. Richardson, W. H. Powell, T. H. Bromby, E. A. Chater, J. H. Morris, B. L. Button, R. S. Inkster, T. H. Carson

you have only the minute before put on the dressing-table, so that your host's butler can grab them and do the needful. Queer? I will say so a thousand times, but what the mischief makes them that way I dare not even hint.

To Beat Sisyphus?

THE gentleman who was condemned to roll a big rock up a hill, only to find that it at once rolled all the way down again, had that punishment laid upon him when in due course he was very properly sent to Hades for his atrocious wickedness upon earth, and would have just as thin a time of it if he came back to us to-day and was told off to roll a far bigger rock

up one even steeper hill. Lord Vansittart is a very different person from the wicked Sisyphus, yet he thinks that he may succeed where the latter failed. I heartily wish his lordship luck. In the course of a most interesting address to The Never Again Association on the 18th of February, Lord Vansittart remarked:

"All Germans, good, bad or indifferent, have got not only to be disarmed, but to be kept disarmed for at least a generation. That generation has got to be used for their re-education." And in the generation which follows that re-educated one . . . ? *Kriegspiel* is the only game that the Germanic tribes from Charlemagne, and even before him, have ever thoroughly understood.

**Congratulations for a Flt. Lieutenant**

Flight Lieutenant O'Meara, on the right in the picture, was being congratulated on receiving a Bar to his D.F.C., by two of his colleagues—on the left a Flight Lieutenant in the Belgian Air Force, and in the centre Squadron Leader Kain

**A W.A.A.F. Detachment in the West Country**

D. R. Stuart

Back row: A.C.W.s M. Lyons, W. Winchcombe, A. Morgan, P. Wilkinson, P. M. Lilley, E. M. Hook, D. J. Fox, E. L. Boyle, E. Black, H. Campbell

Sitting: Cpl. M. Parsons, Sergt. L. Hughes, Section Officer N. L. McN. Warren, Cpls. D. C. Shepherd, H. Attack

In front: A.C.W.s Blight, E. M. Holwell, E. Watson, M. Cowan

Getting Married



Hillard — Paton

Capt. Charles Julian Loraine Hillard, R.A.S.C., son of the late J. A. Hillard and Mrs. Hillard, of Porton Lodge, Hambrook, Chichester, and Mrs. Dorothy Mary Paton, widow of the late George Paton, of Meols Hall, Southport, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Southport



Grant — Strachan

Major A. W. H. Grant, Grenadier Guards, of Carron, Strathspey, Morayshire, and Mrs. Kathleen Strachan, of St. James's Court, S.W., were married at the Scottish Church, Crown Court



Gardner — McColl

Douglas Stewart Gardner, son of Mr. Henry Gardner, of Kilmarnock, married Margaret Elizabeth McColl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McColl, of Bemersyde, Oakleigh Park, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street



Gordon-Lennox — Leyland

Captain Reginald A. C. Gordon-Lennox, Scots Guards, son of Brig.-Gen. Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox and of Baroness Cederström, of March Hare Lodge, Newmarket, married Pamela Cicely Leyland at the Guards' Chapel. She is the daughter of Captain C. D. Leyland and of Mrs. Roland Fawcett, of Bonham's House, Blewbury, Berks.



Mrs. J. A. Lochore

Hazel Mary Brooke, youngest daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Brooke, of Mid-jearn, Ross-shire, married Captain John Alexander Lochore, The Seaforth Highlanders, eldest son of Sir James and Lady Lochore, of Chearsley Hill, Aylesbury, at St. Andrew's Church, Tain



Britten — Phillips

Captain Patrick Charles Britten, Grenadier Guards, only son of Colonel and Mrs. C. Britten, of Martley, Worcestershire, and Elizabeth Evelyn (Susan) Phillips, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. Phillips, of The Manor House, Woodmancote, Emsworth, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Morton — Ayscough

Sqdr.-Leader Richard Morton, A.F.C., R.A.F., second son of the late H. P. D. Morton and Mrs. Morton, of Shanklin Crescent, Southampton, married Bridget Ayscough, second daughter of Mrs. A. H. Ayscough, of Ruan Manor, Helston, Cornwall, at St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington



Appleton — Patterson

Dr. J. H. Appleton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Appleton, of 125, Broad Road, Sale, Cheshire, married Marguerite Helen Patterson, daughter of the late Major J. Patterson, and Mrs. Patterson, of George Square, Edinburgh, at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh



Head — Palmer

Flt.-Lieut. Ronald Head, second son of Mr. E. Head and Mrs. Ivy Head, of Charnwood Avenue, Merton Park, and Eileen Dorothy Palmer, only child of Sqdr.-Leader and Mrs. A. J. Palmer, of Du Cane Court, Balham, were married at St. Mary's Church, Balham



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Yugoslavia

"BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON" (Macmillan; £2 2s.) is a book that has taken its author five years to write. Not only the excellence of its finish, but the variety of its contents will explain why. The two volumes are packed with sometimes delightful, sometimes tragic, but always very important stuff.

Superficially, one might call this a travel-book, and the sensations of travel have seldom been better rendered. But also it is a history: history applied. Moving from place to place about Yugoslavia, Miss Rebecca West has delved deeply into the past of a country that for centuries has been involved in the tangled pattern of European fate.

Miss Rebecca West first visited Yugoslavia in 1936, when she made a lecture-tour under the auspices of the British Council. Its perplexing beauties, mysteries and unanswered questions set up in her an urge to return. It is of her second journey, made with her husband in the spring of 1937, that *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* gives an account. Much territory was still unknown to her, but she already knew enough of the country, and was familiar enough with its historical background, to avoid the false starts and dead ends that, on a first visit, may waste valuable time.

She returned to Yugoslavia in time for a cold Easter—in fact, two Easters, for the Roman Catholic and the Greek Orthodox churches keep this festival at different times—knowing exactly what she wanted to follow up. Not only this, but three reliable friends awaited her and her husband on the platform at Zagreb, the Croatian town where, at the start of the tour, the two English travellers stepped out of the train. Unfortunately, these three intellectuals had little but their affection for the travellers in common.

Constantine, the talkative poet, former pupil of Bergson, is a Serbian Jew. Valetta, lecturer in mathematics at the University of Zagreb, and Gregorievitch, critic and journalist, who looks like Pluto in a Mickey Mouse film, are Croats. And to say that Serbs and Croats do not see eye to eye is an understatement. Profound temperamental differences, opposing interests and painful history divide the two races. The attempt to preserve harmony, for the sake of Miss West and her husband, could not be successful the whole time. Miss West has exemplified, in these three friends of hers, much that lay at the root of Yugoslavian unrest.

In fact, those first days at Zagreb, and much of the rest of the tour, must have been a distinct personal strain. Such strain has its comedies—which Miss West (at least retrospectively) kindly, grimly and wittily enjoys. Gregorievitch and Valetta could not go far with the travellers, but Constantine was with them for most of their two months.

The one drawback to this truly delightful man appeared when the party

reached Belgrade: he had a German wife, the appalling Gerda, who, justifying herself by no attempt to be pleasant, joined them and adhered to them like a leech. Her ruining, for the three others, of enjoyment of all the beauties of Ochrid is a tragedy in no small way. That Gerda was not murdered by her companions (and that she had not been murdered long before this) becomes more and more of a mystery as this part of the book proceeds. For those who love travel as they love music, this grating human annoyance is hard to bear.

As for poor Constantine, between his friends who relish his personality and love his country, and his wife who resents his personality, detests his friends and despises his country, he is in a ghastly position. In her realisation, and rendering, of the situation, the Miss Rebecca West we know so well as a novelist appears. Not only in this context, but all through *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, with its hundreds of different contacts and situations, is her power of sizing-up people, of sensing the drama behind them, evident.

Were it not that novels must be, by definition, untrue (or "fiction"), one might call this a novel of travel, among other things. Each man, woman or child, however brief his or her appearance, remains in one's mind with that permanence that can only be given by art. The sheer *amusingness* of this book, in some places, must, I feel, be stressed.

Country Scenes

IN Miss West's pictures of towns, coasts and countrysides we feel the good of the lively imagination, the quick eye, the deep love of



Louis Golding Returns to New York

After a period in Hollywood scenario writing, Louis ("Magnolia Street") Golding has returned to New York to begin his new novel about the nineteen-twenties. Louis Golding's education is interesting. According to "Who's Who," he was educated at the Manchester Grammar School and at Queen's College, Oxford; subsequently in the remoter Mediterranean mountains and islands; more recently in the Near Eastern deserts. He spends the greater part of each year in forced, and sometimes deliberate, discomfort, tramping and writing along the shores of the Mediterranean

beauty, the skilled pen. "Descriptions" would be too heavy a word for the fluid and glowing prose that makes places live. A violet-painted village in a snowbound landscape, spring rain falling on a "toast-coloured" city, a church on a flower-clothed promontory over a misty lake, roads climbing through gorges between emerald meadows and the sweet, sappy smell of rain-drenched woods, a "frieze" of laughing peasants, splashed by the passing car; a monk singing airs from *Madame Butterfly* to two lunatics; Macedonian women embracing a sacred stone in the dusk, the sea-reflected beauty of the city-village of Rab, smiling Dalmatian islands with their baroque gems—these are only a few of the hundreds of pictures with which the pages of *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* might be said almost to burn.

Monasteries, sanatoriums, hotels, cafés, the homes of Miss West's friends and new-made acquaintances—all open up lively social scenes. And the food!—to read of the meals is to feel one's mouth water: a rather painful pleasure in these austere days.

Background

BUT the book has more serious aspects than all these. Miss West looks on the present of Yugoslavia as the fruit of its complex and troubled past. And that past she gives us (interspersed with the present) in vignettes of history. These are not cheerful reading—betrayals, callous violences, deceived idealisms, vain resistances, martyred pride, outraged sense of identity and wrecked hopes.

Serbia and Croatia have been the prey and the victims of successive empires. (Concluded on page 314)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

FOR twenty-seven years I have been intimately associated

with the blind, the recently blinded: those who have lost their sight in defence of their country.

Sometimes I wish that familiarity might bring—well, a certain acceptance, shall we call it? That kind of crust which so often envelops at last the over-familiar. But it does not: as I am constituted I don't suppose it ever will. For now I know the whole long length of the difficult road along which each man, suddenly blinded, has to wander.

It is a lonely story, no matter how the plot may be disguised in laughter and that courage, perhaps the greatest of all, which never once realises that it is being brave!

Blindness still remains for me one among the supreme tragedies of human life. Deafness has certain compensations. The deaf, though they may not know it, miss a deluge of human twaddle. The insane rarely understand what is really the matter with them. The decrepit and very old are just too tired to care. Only the abnormal people are almost equally tormented.

Therefore, when, two years ago, I once again found myself surrounded by young men suddenly blinded in yet another World War, I think it left a scar on my soul which neither patriotic music nor prayer will ever quite eradicate.

For these young people are suddenly called upon to face a life-long problem for which they are totally unprepared,

physically and mentally; against which life and experience have forged no inner weapons; yet from the solution—if life must still be lived—there is no escape.

In a moment they have been switched off the road to which they had become familiar towards a strange country in which they are aliens, bewildered and a little frightened. Twenty years older than they are, they might have had resources within themselves which would have tempered the blow. But the teens and the twenties have only interests which are mainly physical, or ambitious, or demanding the more primitive joys. Any other kind of life is an imprisonment—a courage behind bars.

Thus their first supreme battle is a psychological one, and the inner reaction to it may be long and difficult. Only love and complete understanding and encouragement, mingled with laughter, can help them to win through—if the end be ever a victory?

Strangely enough, however, science has come to their rescue. What the wireless and the "talking books" mean to the blind, only the blind know. This evening I shall sit over the fire with a young soldier blinded in France just before the evacuation of Dunkirk, and we shall both listen to a well-known novel by a famous writer, admirably read aloud. It is a Western love-story which approaches silliness, but I know my companion will be living in every scene; happy, forgetful, enthralled.

Would that every aspect of science reached such divine ends!

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SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 297)

Speaking for Britain were Mr. Anthony Eden, who himself used to live in Fitzhardinge Street, and whose house, he said, is now "blasted but unbowed," and Sir Malcolm Robertson, President of the British Council. He and Sir Wyndham Deedes are both members of the Halkevi's organising committee.

After the ceremony, guests gossiped and wandered, upstairs to see pictures and rugs and archaeological relics, downstairs to drink wine and coffee, eat cakes, and smoke deliciously fragrant cigarettes.

Red Army Celebration

At the end of a series of diplomatic parties came the brilliant reception held at the Soviet Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens—"millionaires' walk," they used to call it. Mme. Maisky, a dark, vivacious, energetic figure in green velvet, stood against a springlike background of arum lilies, daffodils and pussy willows to receive her guests, who were there to celebrate the twenty-fourth anniversary of the creation of the Red Army. His Excellency, tired of shaking hands after the first four hundred, left the receiving of the two hundred odd late-comers to his wife, and wandered freely amongst his guests. He posed for the photographers, holding Mrs. Churchill's hand; he talked animatedly to Mr. John Winant, to Sir Stafford Cripps, to Mr. Lloyd George, to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden, and to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Epstein. (Jacob Epstein's bronze of Ivan Maisky is being exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, and flattering comments were heard all round.)

Military and Naval staffs of the Embassies and Legations in London provided a bevy of uniforms brilliant in their decoration. British uniform, even the gold lace of Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, looked quietly inconspicuous alongside. One centre of attraction throughout was Lady Evans, attractive wife of Admiral Sir Edward Evans, who comes from Christiania. By the way, a week or so ago, we referred to Lady Evans as French. She is, of course, a Norwegian, and her vivacious charm has made her one of the most popular figures in London society.

Colonel Walter Elliot was telling Air Marshal Sir William Sholto Douglas how exhilarating he found his return to the House of Commons after two years' absence. David Low, the cartoonist, talked of previous visits to the Soviet Embassy, so different in every way. "Russia is the one country where a cartoonist is really appreciated," he said to editor John Gordon, whose weekly articles in the *Sunday Express*, produce a fan mail which not only swamps his own great organisation, but, on one occasion broke all records at Downing Street, when 3000 copies of one of his articles, sent by readers not only in this country, but in the Dominions, called the Prime Minister's attention to what the man in the street thought about the conduct of the war.

Many other distinguished guests, too numerous to refer to by name, thronged the rooms on the ground floor of the Embassy. It was a brilliant company paying its respects to the very gallant officers and men of the Red Army.

Weddings

THERE have been a lot of weddings lately, in spite of the oppressive cold, and plenty of people turned out to see Major A. W. H. Grant marry Mrs. K. Strachan at the Scottish Church, Crown Court. The bride was given away by Mr. J. H. Hutcheson, and the bridegroom and best man, Major Guy Drury, were in their uniform of the Grenadier Guards. N.C.O.s and men of the Grenadiers made a guard of honour for the bride and bridegroom, and they were piped out by Major P. Maynard, Scots Guards.



Christening in Herefordshire

The christening of Major and Mrs. John Saleby's only son, Marcus, took place recently. Major Saleby, who is in the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, has since been reported a prisoner of war. Christening party shows Mrs. Michael Symonds, Captain R. T. Hincks, Mrs. John Saleby, Mrs. John Davenport, Mrs. Guy Farquhar, Major Guy Farquhar, and (in front) Peter Davenport, Nanny and Marcus, Peter Farquhar and David Davenport. Mrs. John Saleby was, before her marriage, Miss Diana Davenport.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 312)

First, Turkey—which still leaves traces of Muslim culture—then Austria proved merciless. The Venetian Republic, at the height of its power, played an enemy hand. We, as a generation, grew up to regard the Balkans as one of the principal danger-spots of Europe. Miss West shows in what terrible danger, and in what agony, they themselves have for centuries stood. Can one wonder they were inflammable, that they could never cultivate equanimity?

"It is sometimes very hard," says Miss West, "to tell the difference between history and the smell of a skunk." She has uncovered—one feels distastefully—from century to century an appalling rottenness in the centres of power. But she has done more than expose evils: she has traced the relation between Yugoslavian history and the major European idea. She has led up, with care, and with an apparent sense of its fatal inevitability, to the Sarajevo of June 28th, 1914. She gives background—and what a background!—to the murders that set Europe on fire. Her account of the Sarajevo shootings, the plots and the hours that preceded the death of Franz Ferdinand, foolish and dangerous victim, has the fascination of a terrible thoroughness.

And what was the local outcome of Sarajevo? Through conversations and reading, Miss West has obtained for us close-up details of a tragedy that does not least appear in the hopes, then in the fates, of the young conspirators. She has dug out names and stories that had been buried under the earthquake of the succeeding 1914 war.

Cults

IT is in its balance, its proportion, its power of relating the small to the large event that *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* is important and great. The book is a sort of review of humanity, to which both emotion and philosophy have been brought. Miss Rebecca West has wide terms of reference; she can—which is exceedingly rare—distinguish between the personal and the impersonal view. She can contrast the fineness of individual people with the too-frequent blindness and vileness of people in the mass. She is interested in the relations between the sexes, as to which, in the course of this Yugoslavian tour, all sorts of fresh reflections are thrown up.

"The Black Lamb" of her title, and the "Grey Falcon," are two symbols she takes from Yugoslavian cults. Round the different spirits that these two represent she has built her psychological picture of Yugoslavia—though they also stand for tendencies in us all.

This is a book for slow and deliberate reading; there is much in it on which one should meditate. The production and illustrations are beautiful. *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* should take its place in one's library; it is a book, if possible, to possess.

Spy

"MUSIC IN THE PARK," by F. L. Green (Michael Joseph; 8s.), is a novel with an original subject: its hero, Charles Rennard, is a Nazi spy in England. Having gained, by forged references, a position in a Midland firm of auditors, he is intriguing to obtain photographs and details of a secret invention—a unique machine used for war purposes in a factory for which his firm works.

Rennard, fanatical for his own cause and a man of incontestable courage, is far from being an unsympathetic character. Mr. Green is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has built him up. We meet the Nazi ideal, the Nazi ruthlessness impersonated in one young-middle-aged man, who stands out in contrast to his surroundings—fairly placid English middle-class life. Indeed, like the brother and sister Louis and Edith Pelley, to whose home and friendship Rennard gains access for his own purposes, we feel the fascination of this solitary figure. Louis, through solitary vanity and through a weakness created by his love for his hobby, and Edith, through romantic passion, become involved with Rennard to what nearly proves a fatal degree. The quiet and dangerous drama, with its background of high-tea and home cinemas, is well handled.

Mr. Green excels at dialogue: it is in a dialogue at once tense and natural that the greater part of *Music in the Park* is written. The dignity of Edith, the muffled, artistic temperament of Louis, the misdirected courage of Rennard all place the exciting story on something very much higher than the "thriller" plane.

Soviet Cartoons

NOT only upon the field of battle does Russia show herself Nazidom's terrible enemy. The U.S.S.R.'s pen and pencil are to be dreaded too. *Spirit of the Soviet Union*, published by the Pilot Press at 3s., is a collection of war posters and cartoons, with a Foreword by Lord Beaverbrook. The drawings have a superb, relentless and clear-sighted cruelty. Their satire has a burning force behind it. They are by many artists; some are in colour, some in black-and-white.

In the caricature aspects, matters are not minced: the savagery is not too heavy, for it is nerved by satire. I have seldom seen pen-drawings so simple that had at the same time such deadly effectiveness. A certain amount of mirth, even in wartime, enters into most of our English caricatures—for such mirth, with its hint of indulgence, the Russians have no time. In their cartoons, they have portrayed brutality with the brutality that is deserved. There is not subtlety, no—but is what Russia has gone through a subject for subtlety? To look steadily through this book of cartoons and posters is to learn—if we have not gathered already—in how titanic, how all-in a spirit, our great Allies fight on every field.



This new piped beret in material can be had in a variety of colours including brown, navy, or English rose **79/6**



Smart hat for town or country wear with comfortable snood-fitting back, in red, grey, brown, navy or black **69/11**

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

War conditions have made dress problems exceedingly difficult except where uniforms are obligatory. Lillywhites, Piccadilly, are responsible for the outfit on this page. Each garment is sold separately so that the ensemble may be varied: it is simple, nevertheless practical. The tailored slacks are of all-wool barathea in navy, nigger or bottle. The shirt is of heavy art spun silk reinforced with trubenised collar and cuffs, and the jacket is of ribbed bramble yarn, and may be buttoned down the front. There is an infinite variety of wool house frocks for hours of relaxation. They have been designed in such a manner that they keep their pristine freshness for a lengthened period. Neither must the felt hats be overlooked and the host of accessories which so greatly add to the comfort of men and women both on and off duty. Furthermore, a feature is made of uniforms for men and women in the Services



Fashion news regarding hats is ever of interest to women. These accessories must be chosen with care, and the face and silhouette studied. The trio pictured on this page may be seen at Woollards, Knightsbridge. There is an old-world atmosphere about the one above which is altogether charming. It is expressed in very thin felt trimmed with tufts of ostrich feather. The one in the centre is of straw, ribbon being used for decorative purposes. The last of the trio on the extreme right is of straw trimmed with black and white ribbon. It is as suitable for spring as for summer wear. It seems almost unnecessary to add that this firm's collection of felt hats for sports and country wear is unrivalled

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pleats in front. In gold/tan, cherry/
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green/tan. Sizes S.W.,
W. and W.X. **7 gns.**



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kindly send a 2½d. stamp

Perplexia

NOT to be confused with apoplexy, though it often leads to it, the pathological state of perplexia is not new, though it is unusually prevalent at the present moment. It is endemic to aviation. Symptoms are an exaggerated horror of responsibility; inability to sign the name in a legible manner; an uncontrollable addiction to printed forms and a tendency to speak in long, entangled and practically incomprehensible sentences.

Many otherwise healthy aircraft constructors have contracted the disease as a result of repeated efforts to do what ministers daily scream at them to do, namely to step up production. Thinking, in their innocence, that ministers know what they are talking about, they rush off to try and accelerate operations in their works and to increase output. They are immediately opposed by the rubber civil servant, a creature specially designed to absorb the momentum of energetic industrialists. They repeatedly bounce off the rubber civil servant, and after a time they develop the aforesaid symptoms of perplexia.

Case Histories

THIS is not a fantasy. It is a fact that the efforts of our industrialists are being frustrated by forms, regulations, civil service methods and the departmental desire to avoid both errors and responsibilities.

I defy anybody to discuss output problems frankly with any of our great aeronautical industrialists without being told stories that will make his hair stand on end. No blunderings in Malaya, or the English Channel or anywhere else attain to the iniquity of the blunderings of the civil service.

Today, in spite of the order issued by the Prime Minister long ago, the civil servants retain their ghastly verbiage, their entangled sentences in which instructions get lost and misunderstood and effort is diverted or destroyed. They retain their ridiculous, time-wasting (but highly protective) forms.

What is the cure? It is simplicity. Simplicity is the enemy of the civil service as it is the enemy of the Axis. We must simplify procedure if we are to turn out more aeroplanes and aero-engines. Above all the fetish of "Treasury sanction" must be removed.

AIR EDDIES

by Oliver Stewart

When a thing wants doing, be it the production of aircraft, or aerodrome runways, or airscrews or anything else, the way to do it is to put a man in charge and give him full authority for that job. There is no other way. If he must refer back to some department for Treasury or other sanction at every step, the work will not be done. If the work is not done we shall lose this war.

Ministers

THE one minister we have had who was strong enough to break down civil service procedure and to cut through forms and formalities, was Lord Beaverbrook. The public viewed with regret his departure from the Government for that reason.

It requires enormous strength of character to break down traditional procedure and to speed up departmental methods. One of the greatest industrialists in the aircraft industry, a man who began as a workman and created one of the largest and finest works in the kingdom, took up a Government appointment. He knew the evils of civil service procedure, but he has now left the post and admits that the civil service has defeated him. He tried hard to establish the principles of simplicity and responsibility, he fought red tape as hard as he could, but in the end he had to admit defeat.

Lord Beaverbrook had two advantages in his fight with entangling procedure; he is wealthy, and he is a peer of the realm. So his acts can never be imputed to anything except the determination to do the job well. His speech in the House of Lords just before the Government changes were announced is well worth reading in full in Hansard. And the comments of other members of the House of Lords showed that he had gained all his points.

100 Octane

I WANT to refer to one or two points not reported in the newspapers. First of all it was good to note from Lord Beaverbrook's statement that the United States have launched vast schemes for the production of 100 octane fuel, and that the amount turned out will be sufficient for the needs of both Great Britain and the United States.

Then I should like to repeat Lord Beaverbrook's remarks on the time factor. "I am anxious," he said, "to mix diplomacy with decision, but always provided I get the decision. I am also willing to mix patience with haste, but always provided I get the haste... Speed is the first necessity in war."

I wish all Government officials would remember those words. In the comments Lord Sempill was, as usual, clear and constructive. He mentioned that shortage of equipment is sometimes due not to shortage of labour, material or machinery, but primarily to inefficiency in ordering. He also referred to that interesting instrument, the synchrophone, which is used for training, and which is proving of the utmost value.

Appointments

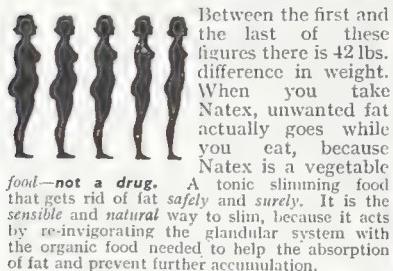
AT the time the changes in the Government were announced, so were the changes in the higher command of the Royal Air Force. Air Marshal Harris succeeded Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse as Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Bomber Command.

Sir Richard Peirse is one of the great leaders and personalities of the war, and he has earned the devoted loyalty of all the officers and airmen who have served under him. He goes to a "special appointment," and we may be certain that his great ability and his remarkable powers of leadership will be fully used.

The other air appointment was that of Air Marshal D. C. S. Evill to succeed Air Marshal Harris as head of the R.A.F. Delegation in Washington. These changes have been long planned, and have nothing whatever to do with the Channel action as some of the daily papers seemed to think.

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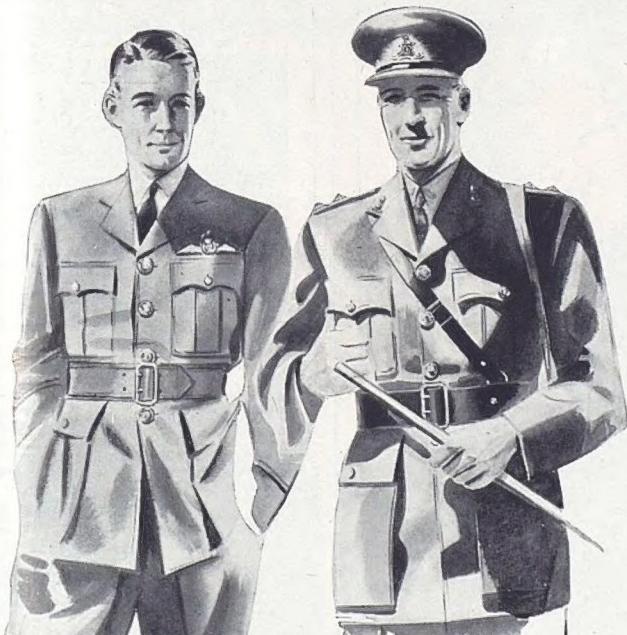
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'Ovaltine' actually improves the digestibility of milk, so that you derive the utmost benefit from it. The special properties of 'Ovaltine' break down the milk curd, thus making it completely and readily digestible.

Important

'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet, so that there is no need to add sugar. Remember also that 'Ovaltine' can be eaten dry if desired. It is important to note that in whatever form you take 'Ovaltine,' you benefit from the milk which is already in it, as well as from its other well-known nutritive properties.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

AT the village hall the concert was a great success, and no turn was more popular than the conjurer from town.

For his assistant he chose a man of the "country bumpkin" type, of whom he made great fun. But the countryman got his own back when it came to producing rabbits.

"I am now," announced the conjurer, "going to produce a rabbit from this gentleman's inside jacket pocket."

The other grinned broadly.

"That'll be a miracle," he said, "I've got a ferret in there."

THE sergeant was asking recruits why walnut was used for the butt of a rifle.

"Because it has more resistance," volunteered one man.

"Wrong!"

"Because it is more elastic."

"Wrong!"

"Perhaps it's because it looks nicer than any other kind," said another, timidly.

"Don't be an ass," snapped the sergeant. "It's simply because it was laid down in the regulations."

THE enthusiastic Boy Scout was doing a house-to-house sale of tickets for a Warships' Week concert.

"How much are they?" asked one woman, grimly.

"Two shillings, one and sixpence and a shilling," rattled off the lad.

"Have you got any at sixpence?"

The Boy Scout replied coldly:

"It's a warship we want, madam, not a canoe."

As two men were talking at the corner of the street, a passer-by stopped and asked the taller man the time. He got no reply.

After the stranger had passed on the other asked:

"Why didn't you answer him?"

"Well, it's like this," was the reply.

"If I'd told him the time he might have got chatting, then we might have had a drink together, and in the end I might have asked him home. There he might have met my daughter—and she's a very pretty girl—and they might have fallen in love. Finally, they might have got married."

"And let me tell you, I don't want a fellow for my son-in-law who can't afford to buy a watch."

A SCOTSMAN bought two tickets for a golden ballot in which the first and only prize was a five-hundred-pound car. When the draw was made the Scot won the car.

His friends rushed to his house to congratulate him. They found him with a long face and evidently dissatisfied.

"Why, what's the matter?" they inquired.

"Well," answered the new owner of the car, "it's that second ticket that's troubling me. Why I ever bought it I can't think."

THE young parson had taken for his text at his young men's class the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. In conclusion, he said: "Now, young men, which would you prefer? The five wise virgins with the light, or the five foolish virgins in the dark?"

The vote was unanimous.

THE man in the dock was small and harmless looking, while his wife was big and muscular. The magistrate looked from one to the other, then he asked:

"But what—er—induced you to strike your wife?"

"Well, sir," was the faltering reply, "she had her back to me, the broom was handy, and the door open. So I thought I'd take a chance."

GOING home from his work on the night shift a Scottish workman found a young owl which had fallen out of its nest. He took it home, gave it some food, then wrapped it in a piece of old flannel and placed it in front of the fire before going to bed.

Some time later his mother came into the kitchen to prepare the breakfast, and when she saw the visitor she gave a gasp.

"Eh, me!" she exclaimed. "Here's our Jock been at his tricks again! He's been and put a beak on the cat!"

THE local air raid warden was patrolling the village when he saw a bright gleam of light coming from a half-open shed door.

Muttering furiously, he strode forward and peered inside at a villager chopping wood.

"Here, you!" he shouted, "what about this light? It's shining right across the road."

"Ah!" came a voice from the shed. "I knew it must be shining somewhere else. I can't see in here to chop this perishin' wood!"

"**L**EET me see," said Mr. A., pensively, "do I owe you any money, old man?"

"Not a penny, old chap," answered Mr. B. "Why are you going round paying off your little debts?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. A. quickly, "I was just going round to see if I've overlooked anybody. Lend me a fiver till the end of the month, will you?"

Our war factories are still demanding more and more paper. It is needed for an ever-increasing number of purposes essential to the manufacture of munitions. As the war goes on, paper is going to become more and more precious. It is already a vital munition of war.

Are you sure you have contributed your full share? Look again! Is there nothing more you can give? Remember, even three small visiting cards, so easily thrown away, are sufficient to make a cartridge wad.



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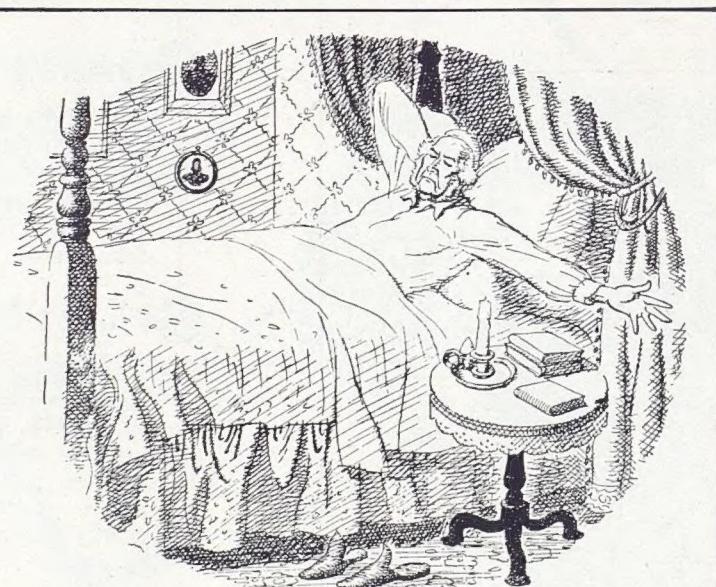
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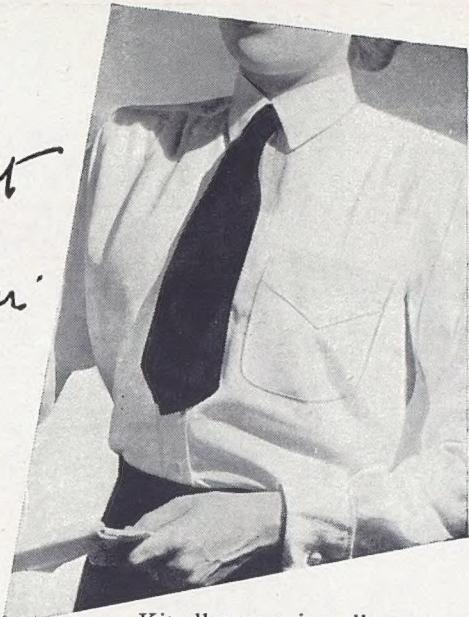
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